THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 43, No. 2, for February, 1812.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. The Rescue
2. London Walking and Evening Dresses.
3. Elegant new Pattern for a Veil, &c. with Union Border.

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LONDON:

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where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

The lines by "*A. Z.*" require revision and amendment.

To a *Constant Reader, F. Square*, we can, for the present, only reply that inquiry shall be made into the subject, and satisfaction given, if practicable.

The *Completion of Bouts-rimés* by *H. M.* we would with pleasure insert, if the metrical irregularities were remedied, and the last six lines so altered, that we could make satisfactory sense of them.

The lady who wishes for a *fluid to eradicate superfluous hairs*, may see that her former application was inserted among the "*Notices*" in our Magazine for October: but we have never received any answer.

"*S. B.*"'s stanzas on "*Winter*" are under consideration.

The communications of "*J. M. L.*"—"*Anonymous, N. Petherton*"—and "*W. E. junior*"—are just come to hand.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For FEBRUARY, 1812.

The Trial *of* Love.

(*Continued from page 590 of our last Volume, and accompanied with an illustrative Plate.*)

Armgard shrieked :—the rapidity of the current was carrying her along, when she found herself dragged by the hair, and in a moment after raised above the water. For a few minutes, she and her deliverer struggled with death : but his cries having brought some people to their assistance, they were both saved.

"Heaven be praised !" exclaimed the knight, who still held Armgard in his arms ; and she recognised George Walsdorf.

He attended her to the castle : Armgard looked tenderly upon him : her sensibility deceived her : she mistook gratitude for love, and even fancied she had met with the man to whom she was dearer than life itself. Their conversation, during the walk, was wholly engrossed by the danger they had just escaped. "How could you thus plunge into the water to save me ? How could you hazard your life to preserve mine ?" asked Armgard.—"And how could I have endured existence, deprived of you ?" said Walsdorf, passionately pressing her hand.—She would have returned the pressure : but, at that moment, a secret wish arose in her breast, that it had been Echenloe to whom she owed her safety.

A slight fever confined Armgard to her apartment for a few days. She had then leisure to examine closely into the state of her heart, and was soon conscious that it was not genuine love she felt for Walsdorf, while Louis. . . . . . . She did not allow herself to dwell on this last thought : but, with downcast eyes addressing Gertrude, "Surely," said she, "I ought to prefer George, who proved his love at the peril of his life, to one who". . . . . She faultered, and sighed deeply.

From that day, Armgard determined to extinguish every remaining spark of affection for Louis, and no longer to trifle with her feelings. He was formally discarded ; and George Walsdorf became her avowed lover. She bestowed on him the tenderest looks and most bewitching smiles : he even became the subject of her *rêveries*. The image of Louis, however, would often intrude itself on her mind : but he, not being able to guess at Armgard's secret thoughts, and seeing but too well the encouragement she gave to his rival, despaired of ever regaining his former interest in her heart ; and one day, seeing them converse familiarly together, he approached them, tears trembling in his eyes. "Adieu, Armgard !" cried he : and, not daring to trust himself with looking at her, he took hold of her hand : she slightly pressed his—involuntarily, no doubt ; and he tore himself away.

Armgard affected a gaiety very foreign to her heart : she tried to be entertained by Walsdorf's lively sallies : she smiled ; but *ennui* soon overcame her efforts to be pleased, though every mean was employed to amuse her. Happiness was the frequent topic of conversation ; and she often assured Gertrude, with a

melancholy air, that she was perfectly happy, and that, as soon as her father (who was then absent) returned, she would confess her partiality for Walsdorf, and reward his attachment with her hand. "It is he," added she emphatically, "who loves me better than life itself."

A few days after, the baron arrived at full speed in the court-yard of the castle, and, hastily dismounting, entered the hall with a disordered step and gloomy countenance.—"What has happened?" inquired his alarmed daughter.—"I am put under the ban of the empire!" fiercely answered the proud lord of Hardeburg.

He had entered into a conspiracy against the emperor, which was discovered through the imprudence of some of the confederates. The powerful princes, chiefs in this enterprise, easily made their peace, while the vengeance of the incensed monarch fell entirely upon the lords and private gentlemen concerned in the affair. "Sir George," said the baron, turning to Walsdorf, "troops are already sent against me: I am going to assemble my vassals: the lord of Rotherburg comes to my assistance: if you love my daughter, receive her hand," (Armgard turned pale) "and unite with me to repulse the assailants of Hardeburg."

Walsdorf muttered something about his friends at court, who might be successfully employed to pacify the emperor.—Hardeburg approved that suggestion, and said he would willingly accept their mediation in his behalf: "but, in the mean time," continued he, "the imperial forces are in full march against me: we must oppose them: and, while your friends negotiate at court, I depend upon you to fight here with me."—"Your lordship does not consider" answered George, "that, were I to take any active share in this war, it would defeat the endeavours of my friends toward a reconciliation with the emperor."

"It may be so," replied the baron. "Retire then to your own estate; I trust I shall be able to maintain alone my position here: but this castle is no longer a fit residence for women: let Armgard follow you; my chaplain will this day give you the nuptial benediction; and to-morrow you will take her home as your bride."—Walsdorf, with some hesitation, replied, that "an alliance with a man outlawed as a rebel would be imprudent in the present juncture; and, great as was the felicity proffered to him, he thought it highly un-advisable to lose, by such a precipitate union, his favor with the emperor, and even the hopes of healing the breach between the lord of Hardeburg and his offended sovereign."—"The court! the favor of the emperor!" exclaimed the baron angrily; and, calling to his squires, he ordered them to saddle the horses of the lord of Walsdorf. "Farewell, sir knight!" added he. "Commend me to your court friends: but be so kind, as to keep beyond the distance of at least a league from my castle, if you do not wish to encounter the resentment of an outlaw."

"The emperor will know how to avenge my wrongs, and your ingratitude," replied George haughtily. "I saved your daughter's life; and it is thus you reward me! But I despise your threats: farewell, Hardeburg!" He then sullenly withdrew, and, mounting his horse, immediately quitted the castle.

The astonished Armgard could scarcely believe her senses. "Ah!" exclaimed she, "is it then true that love is but an illusion? Walsdorf lately endangered his life to save mine; and to-day a precarious in-

fluence at court appears preferable to the possession of me! He never loved me:—on the other hand, Louis . . . . . ." Absorbed in her own thoughts, she heeded not the danger of Hardeburg: the din of arms, and the sounds of martial music, reached her ear unnoticed.

The vassals of the baron poured into the castle from all quarters: the halls were filled with armed men: every hand was busied in collecting stores, or repairing the fortifications: the environs of Hardeburg hourly assumed a more warlike and animated appearance.

One morning, from the rampart of the fortress, a troop of fifty men were descried in the avenue leading thither; and a herald, approaching the draw-bridge, asked admittance. He was conducted to the baron, who was then with his daughter. "The noble knight, Louis of Echenloe," said the hereld, "hearing that Hardeburg was menaced, sends to the lord of the castle fifty chosen horsemen, and will himself come to defend it, if his presence be not displeasing to the lady Armgard."—"Displeasing!" echoed Armgard, in evident confusion averting her face, which was crimsoned with blushes.

"We shall expect the lord of Echenloe with impatience," said the baron. "Meanwhile, your troop is welcome."—The draw-bridge was let down; and they entered the gates of Hardeburg. At the end of three days, Louis himself arrived, leading a faithful band of fifty more horsemen.—The baron was thus enabled to meet his adversaries in the field: as soon as they appeared under the walls of Hardeburg, he made a vigorous sally against them at the head of his whole garrison; and, had all the combatants fought as valiantly as their leader, it would have proved the destruction of the imperialists. They were indeed dispersed: but, having received large reinforcements from the neighbouring cities, they rallied, and soon forced Hardeburg and his party to confine themselves within the fortress. At the same time the emperor issued a proclamation, declaring guilty of high treason those knights who dared to oppose the execution of the sentence decreed against the rebellious baron, and enjoining them, under the most severe penalties, to withdraw with their vassals from the besieged castle.

The imperial proclamation produced the desired effect: the allies of the baron immediately retired with their followers: even his bosom friend, Rotherburg, deserted him.—Louis was the only one whose fidelity remained unshaken:—he continued to maintain his position, at the hazard of seeing his estates laid waste, and himself declared a traitor.

The baron being obliged to keep his bed on account of a wound he had received in the late rencontre, the command of the castle devolved entirely on Echenloe. A herald from the emperor now formally summoned him to evacuate it in four and twenty hours, under pain of having his own mansion destroyed. "You may burn it down," answered Louis: "but I cannot remove from this spot."

On the evening of the next day, from the ramparts of Hardeburg, he beheld thick clouds of flame and smoke arise, which announced the conflagration of Echenloe. He contemplated in silence the destruction of the castle of his fathers, and of his villages: but a tear trickled down his manly cheek, as he reflected on the ruin of their inhabitants.

"Take with you a hundred of our bravest men," said the baron;

"and rush upon those incendiaries." —Louis was ready to depart, when his eyes fell on Armgard, who sat overwhelmed with sorrow.—"Let them do their worst," said he: "I cannot, must not quit this place."

(*To be continued.*)

BENEDICT; *a true History.*

(*Continued from page 26.*)

I HASTILY took the letter from the loquacious countryman, and instantly recognised Adolphus's hand, though evidently written under great trepidation, as some of the letters were scarcely legible. To describe the various sensations which agitated my bosom while perusing it, is totally impossible: that the reader, however, may form some opinion of them, I shall faithfully transcribe it.

"To Henry *** Esqre—

"Injured as you are by the villany of my conduct, I ought, and do blush, at making a request: yet, as by that request I may have the power of counteracting the injury I have done you, I venture to implore you to grant it.

"Oh! Henry! could the eye of man penetrate into the remote recesses of an expiring sinner's conscience—could he behold his crimes rising up before him in dreadful array—how would his spirits sink at the appalling spectacle, and his soul shudder with horror and dismay!

"Wretch that I have been! Oh! Henry! I have unremittingly endeavoured to destroy your peace:—I have tried to sacrifice your honor: I have wounded your reputation:—I have injured you in the Delemeres' esteem:—yet all my endeavours to win the lovely Louisa to my wishes, I need not tell you, have proved vain.

"I am now falling a victim to my own misconduct:—the most excruciating sufferings have at length opened my eyes.—Oh! may I but live to make the only atonement that is now possible—may I have an opportunity of confessing the extent of my crimes! Come to me: fly to me: lose not one moment.—My head grows giddy: my heart is faint! I can no more.—Pardon and pity the wretched

"ADOLPHUS S***."

A death-like faintness suddenly overwhelmed me: and I was compelled to catch hold of the iron rail, to save myself from falling; so great was the weakness which ran through my frame.—Pemberton approached at that moment, and, perceiving the color fled from my cheeks, extended his sustaining arms towards me, exclaiming, "For God's sake, my dear Henry, what does this mean?" Unable to reply, I presented to him the letter, which he perused with an agitation little inferior to my own.—"Poor Mariann!" said he, "thy peace too must be sacrificed!—Great God! what an execrable villain!"

"My honor is sacred: can you doubt it, Pemberton? But, if possible, conceal the effect of this fatal letter from your amiable sister:—I cannot see her," I continued, perceiving her approaching, "until I have gained a little more composure." So saying, I hurried to my own apartment, leaving my friend to account for my sudden departure.—A few moments' calm reflexion convinced me, that, with the woman whom I intended to marry, I ought not to have any secrets; and, though my heart was torn by the idea, that, had I not entered into a binding contract, I might have been supremely blest; yet the mild virtues of Mariann appealed so forcibly to my feelings, that I resolved not to attempt exculpating myself to the Delemeres, until after my marriage.

Satisfied with the rectitude of my intentions, and perfectly recovered from an attack to which from a boy

I had been subject, I descended to the 'drawing-room in search of the ladies, with the open letter in my hand.—" I must leave you, my dear Mariann," said I, in a voice of tenderness: " but the period shall be as short as possible. This letter, madam," I continued, presenting it to Mrs. Pemberton, " will, I am certain, be a sufficient excuse for my departure. I of course wish to know the nature of those injuries which the unhappy Adolphus mentions, that, at a future period, I may have the power of acquitting myself."

During this speech, Mariann's countenance underwent a variety of changes, which perceiving, I said, " Do not alarm yourself, my dear girl. It is impossible for me to attempt seeking satisfaction for the injuries to which I allude; as the being who has wounded my honor, is now actually dying."—The servant at this moment announced the chaise, which Pemberton had ordered for me; and I once more traveled with the rapidity of the wind.

The first person whom I saw upon my arrival at Mrs. Melville's elegant mansion, was the kind-hearted Mrs. Johnson.—" Ah! my dear Mr. Henry! I thought I should live to see you triumph over all your enemies!" exclaimed the worthy creature, extending her arms towards me, and embracing me with maternal tenderness, which I returned with all the warmth of filial affection. —" How is Adolphus?" I inquired eagerly.—" His wound is much easier: but the surgeon is apprehensive that a mortification has taken place."

"*Wound!*" I repeated in a tone of astonishment.—" Yes, wound: did you not know he was wounded in a duel by Mr. C***, a neighbouring farmer's son?"—At that moment a servant entered with a request from his master, that I would walk up stairs: but, great God! what a spectacle did I behold, upon entering the sick man's room! Instead of the athletic form of the once handsome Adolphus, I beheld a figure that seemed scarcely to bear an earthly stamp; for so totally emaciated was his whole person, and so pallid his distorted countenance, that an artist might have portrayed it for the representation of Death.—He extended his hand towards me: but his grasp was chilling:—a clammy dew suffused the palm; and the bony touch of his fingers seemed to convey a sensation of horror to my heart. His voice was at once weak and hollow, as he emphatically said, " This is more than I deserve! But time is precious," he continued: " let Mr. D*** be called."

Mr. D***, I found, was the surgeon who attended him, and who passed every moment he could spare in the house.—To describe a catalogue of calumnies, that could only have been invented by the most depraved imagination, would afford no pleasure to my readers, and must be extremely painful to myself; I shall therefore merely say, that, when the inventor came to the conclusion, he was completely exhausted; notwithstanding which, he contrived to throw himself from the sofa, and, on his knees, implored my forgiveness. —It was with the greatest difficulty Mr. D*** and myself raised him from that humiliating posture: the exertion occasioned such an excess of agony, that it was really dreadful to witness. Repeatedly did I assure the unhappy Adolphus of my forgiveness, and conjure him to compose the agitation of his spirits.

Though the minute detail of the various instances in which Adolphus had injured my reputation, could neither prove interesting nor in-

instructive; yet the death-bed of a young man, who from the earliest period of childhood had been suffered to indulge his unrestrained passions, may probably have a most salutary effect. I shall therefore endeavour to paint the affecting scene I witnessed, exactly as it took place.

I have observed, that, previous to the unhappy Adolphus making a disclosure of his iniquities, he desired the surgeon might attend; and, before he began his confession, he requested him to make notes of every thing he said: "For," observed he, "unfavorable impressions are not easily effaced: and it is necessary there should be some positive proof of the cruel manner in which Mr. *** has been injured."—Upon Mr. D***'s observing, that the very wish of having his recantation made public, was a proof of his heart not being totally depraved, he clasped his hands, and exclaimed with energy, "Alas! my dear sir, there is no recantation in the grave! Oh! would to heaven I had formerly seen the atrocity of my conduct in the same light as I do at the present moment!"

The torture of his wound, from the exertion of throwing himself from the sofa, was so violent, that, for some minutes, I thought him in the agonies of death: but an overwhelming faintness stopped the powers of sensation: and, when revived from it, he fell into an uneasy sleep.—During that period, I inquired of the surgeon the cause of the unfortunate duel, and found that Mr. C*** had a very beautiful sister, whom the unprincipled Adolphus had seduced under a promise of marriage.—The acquaintance between the parties had commenced during Mr. C***'s absence with his regiment, as he was a lieutenant in the local militia for the county in which he resided; and, upon returning to his once happy home, he had the misery of hearing the sad story of his sister's disgrace.—The promise of marriage had not only frequently been given verbally, but also in writing. Mr. C***, therefore, in a very spirited manner, demanded the immediate fulfilment of it, or what is termed the satisfaction of a gentleman.—A new object had supplanted the lovely Eliza in her versatile admirer's affections; and the idea of fighting a duel with a young farmer, Adolphus considered as too degrading: he therefore took no other notice of the challenge, than to ridicule it in different companies; and thus, by adding insult to cruelty, rendered himself doubly despicable. —By this disgraceful mode of conduct, Mr. C***'s feelings were wound up to agony:—he forced himself into the presence of the destroyer of his sister's honor, and, after horse-whipping him with the greatest severity, told him he would meet him with a more fatal weapon, as soon as he was able to quit his bed.—Three weeks, however, elapsed, before he had the power of doing it: so severe was the chastisement which he had undergone.—They then fought. Mr. C***'s arm proved victorious, and my readers are already acquainted with the melancholy consequences.

When Mr. D*** had concluded his narrative, I expressed my astonishment at not having seen Mrs. Melville in her dying son's apartment.—"Why, to acknowledge a truth, sir," said my communicative companion, "I am inclined to think Mrs. Melville has some private reasons, besides those which are connected with her schemes upon Miss Delemere, for wishing to avoid an interview with the gentleman I have the honor to address; for she cer-

tainly was extremely averse to the letter being sent to you, though Mr. S*** declared he could not die in peace, without your forgiveness."

That this repugnance arose from a conviction that she had acted as treacherously in money transactions, as she had done with my much esteemed friends, was a circumstance so extremely evident, that it required no explanation; notwithstanding which, I possessed too much delicacy of feeling, to reproach her, at a time when she was laboring under so much distress.

(To be continued.) page 99

SAPPHO; *an Historic Romance,*

(Continued from page 30.)

As the fall of rain tempers the heat of a burning atmosphere, so did the conversation of Eutychius pour into the afflicted heart of the amiable fugitive a soothing and salutary balm. The guests amused themselves with various games, according to their different inclinations. Nomophilus eagerly approached Sappho, anxious for the pleasure of conversing with her. This first symptom of kindling love was observed without jealousy. Eutychius could not oppose an interesting conversation, though, in his quality of Scamandronymus's friend, and an acute observer of human passions, he sought with an attentive eye to discover the event of this ardor on the part of Nomophilus. For some time, their conversation did not go beyond the circle of indifferent subjects; and Sappho only gave so much of her attention as contributed to her amusement: but, when he proceeded to utter the most respectful protestations of love, her replies scarcely allowed him to entertain a hope more solid or stable than the smoke tossed about by the violence of the tempest.—Her reserve increased the passion of Nomophilus.—Happy had it been for Sappho, if she could have listened to sentiments which so readily penetrate the youthful heart: if she could have returned the tender affection of Nomophilus, the sincerest and the most devoted of lovers. But, alas! the first wound had rendered her heart invulnerable to any other.—Unfortunate maid! thus to regret one who seeks to gain thy love, and follow another who shuns thy pursuit!

The night was now far advanced, and the guests successively retired. Nomophilus was the last to quit the apartment—like the bee which extracts the sweets from the waving flower agitated by the Zephyrs, and which will not quit its hold, but follows it in all its airy motions. He reluctantly withdrew, wishing his host that repose he himself is no longer to enjoy.

Eutychius remained alone with Sappho. The silence of the night and the peaceful tranquillity which reigned in this delightful solitude, seemed to invite still stronger proofs of mutual confidence. After a short pause, Sappho said, "It has often occurred to me, during this day which you have rendered so agreeable, to ask you why you live constantly secluded in this retirement: it is not without some powerful motive that you prefer it to the splendor of cities. I have not been anxious to know your country, as you have already confided to me the most important circumstances of your life: but you have neglected the details. I must for ever respect your humanity, and the many virtues you possess, although I am totally ignorant of the happy country which gave you birth."

"It has no longer the same estimation in my mind," replied Eutychius: "for I no longer inhabit it."

—"The country of men like you is the universe," rejoined Sappho.

"Do not imagine," continued Eutychius, "that, tired with Syracuse (my native city), I have determined to inhabit this solitude, without the concurrence of many adverse circumstances. In my youth I have been the sport of two of the most cruel enemies to a feeling and generous heart. Wearied with troubles and misfortunes in which I had imprudently entangled myself—enlightened by the vicissitudes of events, and the experience which naturally results from them—I have resolved to pass the few days I may yet remain on earth, in this place, forgetting the past, enjoying the present, and leaving the future to the gods."—"Happy Eutychius!" exclaimed Sappho—"Oh! that I could partake of your philosophy!"

"Syracuse was once free," continued Eutychius, "but was enslaved by a tyrant and his posterity. The virtuous citizens formed a party, which I joined; and we made an attempt to rescue the republic from tyranny, and to transmit to our children that liberty which our ancestors had cemented with their blood. But the virtues which once distinguished my countrymen, were no more: their manners were corrupted; and they preferred the vices and voluptuous ease of servitude, to the austere virtues of independence. The magnanimous few, who endeavoured to rescue their country from slavery, fell an easy sacrifice, as their efforts were not seconded by their debased fellow citizens. No hope remaining of rendering any service to my country, I became an exile from an ungrateful city, not with the view of preserving my life, but in compliance with the dictates of that moderation which is the philosophy of wisdom, and which I have constantly practised. When liberty falls, and cannot be restored without a conspiracy, history tells us that this desperate resource accelerates the ruin of good citizens, while it prepares the triumph of the wicked, and the consolidation of tyranny. The multitude feel no interest in magnanimous actions, and refuse to accept the blessings of liberty, which they cannot appreciate. The rich prefer their individual enjoyments to the good of their country; and the nobles have been, and always will be, the supporters of depotism." 'Tis thus that each portion of the state prepares its own destruction. For my part, when I saw my country reduced to servitude, I withdrew from the bosom of that city which now presented only the shadow of what it once had been. This sea, this sky, this air common to all mankind—temples worthy of the Almighty, whose just and invariable laws they obey—these constitute my country."

At these words, Eutychius arose, and, leading Sappho to the door, desired her to survey the vast expanse of the etherial vault of heaven, and said, "Behold that infinite space filled with innumerable worlds! Compared with that, not only Syracuse, but the entire globe which we inhabit, is but an atom of dust. At such a sight, who can regret his paternal altars, the temples of the gods, or the opportunity of exercising his virtue? My country had its limits: —this is infinite."—"It is worthy of you," interrupted Sappho. "At Syracuse," continued he, "I was vain of the sublimity of my thoughts. here I am humbled at their littleness, when I contemplate the universe, which the mind cannot comprehend; and it is at the view of eternal space, that vain man reluctantly acknowledges his insignifi-

cance. But, if I may believe Boötès, the night is far spent, and you must wish for sleep after the double fatigue of a long voyage, and a tedious conversation."

"Sleep is far from my eyes," replied Sappho; "and the pleasure of hearing you would banish it much longer: your political misfortunes have inspired me with the desire to become acquainted with your adventures in love.—But it is late:—may the gods grant you that tranquil sleep which will not close these eyes, condemned, alas! to eternal tears."

"I should have continued my narration until the rising of Aurora," continued Eutychius, "but that I feel repose is necessary for you." He then summoned his slaves, who quickly obeyed his call, followed by Rhodopê, who conducted her mistress to her apartment.

(*To be continued.*)

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(*Continued from page* 21.)

Mr. Fortescue, to Sir Henry Hastings.

Stanley Park.

I WAS in town last week, for a few days, and was disappointed in not finding you there. I had no great inclination for that jaunt, but was prevailed on by Lenox to accompany him thither.—I find, Hastings, you are to be one of the party at Lenox Abbey, to celebrate the *féte champêtre*, that is to be given to commemorate the period of Lenox's coming to age. This mad-cap fellow has given such numerous invitations, that I tell him, large as that hospitable mansion is, it will never hold half the company he has invited. But he answered with his usual volatility, "Never fear, Fortescue: it is a fine season of the year: if the house be not large enough, we have plenty of straw for beds: the canopy of heaven will be a noble covering for them; and, with a skin full of good wine, I would not give a fig for the fellow who would shrink from such accommodation."

I really wished very much to have seen you, Hastings. If you can make it convenient to come to Beaumont Lodge, and accompany our party to the Abbey, you will oblige me. You have often listened to my complainings of Miss Lenox's indifference: sometimes you have you have heard me patiently: sometimes you have laughed at me. The day on which Lenox arives at the age of twenty one, was originally designed by our friends to have blessed me with the hand of the too amiable Matilda.—Vain foolish mortals that we are! why should we so anxiously look forward to the completion of a project, that a look, a motion, or the accent of the voice, may cause in a moment to vanish into air? Miss Lenox never will be mine, Hastings: I repeat it, she never will be mine, though the lovely one left it to me to name our bridal day. Flattering as this condescension was, I knew the motive which gave birth to it. Duty, esteem, the cold precepts of reason, gave her to me. When the cause was tried between love and prudence, her heart gave a verdict against me. I could not be happy in such a marriage; I must therefore look out for another love.

I am not yet quite so easy as I wish to be. Come then, Hastings: your converse will perhaps restore me to myself. I know you wish to marry. Come, and see Miss Lenox. Possibly you may win that fascinating charmer. By heaven, Hastings, should it be so, I should view thy success with pleasure. I have a

lovely cousin too, who will justly claim some share of your attention. Lady Louisa Falkland is exquisitely handsome. Miss Lenox is no beauty. There may be many Lady Louisas; but, in the circle of my acquaintance, there is but one Miss Lenox. I mean no reflexion on my fair cousin: she is every way amiable; in the strictest sense of the word. But there is often, Hastings, even in a plain woman, a certain nameless something, that will lay closer siege to the heart, than many possessed of the beauty of a Venus de'Medici could do. This irresistible attraction Miss Lenox possesses in an eminent degree. The libertine is awed into respect, at the first glance of her person and manner: the man of understanding, and liberal opinions, finds her a sensible and rational companion: and the chosen few, who possess genuine sentiment and true benevolence, will soon perceive that Miss Lenox is tremblingly alive all over to every delicate and refined sensation. But this all-accomplished woman never can be mine, Hastings: therefore let me wave the subject.

A much-esteemed friend of ours, I find, is returned to England—I mean Harry Middleton. I called at Lord Malcomb's, when I heard they were in town. Brudenel is just the gay, careless, unthinking man of fashion, he promised to be, when at college.—Middleton endeavours, by the most respectful attention, to give him consequence. But this good-natured young man seems to have an infinite deal more respect for his friend than for himself. In the formation of these young men, nature seems to have committed an oversight: Brudenel should have been in Middleton's circumstances, and Middleton should have been Lord Malcomb's heir.—Middleton is a striking instance of what nature can do, when she wishes to form a complete character, without the assistance of any worldly advantages. Of an obscure origin, unknown to himself, born to dependence, yet is there a native dignity shining about him, which few can equal. Haughty and impetuous in his disposition, yet he governs his passions with so strict a rein, that no one was ever sensible of the least impropriety in his conduct.—Blush, ye titled sons and daughters of folly, when you dare to look down on such a man as this; and no longer be proud of those gaudy distinctions, when, without them, such a man as Middleton can be great.—Without designing it, I have run into panegyric, in praise of our friend. It was by no means necessary; for I know you are as sensible of his merits as I am; and I dare to say you will feel a satisfaction in hearing that he and Brudenel are to be of our party at the Abbey.

It must be owned that Lenox shows his taste in the selection of his company. He tells me, he has asked a few *bon vivant* companions, to give a zest to our pleasures, and to quicken us sober mortals: for he says, too much of one thing, be it never so good, palls without a contrast: virtue would cease to be virtue, if all were virtuous: vice is therefore necessary; for it is the deformity of vice, that shows virtue in its most beautiful coloring. He is a strange fellow in his ideas of things; but, upon the whole, there is some congeniality of sentiment between him and his sister.—Farewell, Hastings! I hope this letter will find you disengaged, so that I may have the pleasure of introducing you to our ladies at the Lodge.

Yours sincerely,

FORTESCUE.

Miss Falkland, to Miss Charlotte Pembrook,

Lenox Abbey.

TARRY awhile, O Time! Why do your chariot-wheels roll so swiftly? This ejaculation, my friend, springs from the effusion of happiness that dilates my heart.—The summer is on the wane; and we must quit Lenox Abbey.—You complain, and justly, my Charlotte, that I have neglected writing to you.—I have no good excuse to make: I will therefore give you the real cause of my silence, and trust to your good-nature, for forgiveness. I have been engaged in a continued succession of intoxicating pleasures; so that I have not had a moment's time to dedicate to my pen.—Oh! how your lively ladyship would enjoy these jocund scenes! Come then, my dear Pembrook! I am not the only one who wish for your company: the benevolent Lady Granville entreats, as a favor, that you will grace our circle: her mild daughter seconds her mother's request. You will find your Louisa happy, happy as I can wish.

Your arch manner of commenting on my last letter has often drawn a smile from Miss Lenox.—Indeed, my suspicious friend, I was not conscious of any partiality, when I described Sir Henry Hastings to you. But now, now I can own without a blush, that he is not indifferent to me. He has avowed himself my lover; and his addresses are approved by my friends. Come, then, and see your thrice happy Falkland, and her amiable Hastings. Your vivacity will entertain the naturally pensive Matilda. You may make conquests by dozens: you may remove the melancholy which still hangs about the disappointed Fortescue. Or, if you like him better, lay siege to the heart of the young philosopher his brother. The gay Lenox, too, and many others, I could name: but, to sum up the merits of all in one, come and win the heart of the elegant Middleton.—Happy in your fortune, your independence, you can impartially admire merit, and reward it. Free from the fetters of empty pride, which greatness too often brings, you can smile on un-adorned virtue, and reach out the hand of affluence to poverty and misfortune. By giving happiness to a heart, that before dared not to vent its feelings, you make yourself exquisitely happy. Far different is the situation of many of those whom the world calls great. Slaves to that bugbear ambition, that tyrant of mankind, they may admire humble virtue, but dare not reward it. Obliged to carry a cheerful outside, they are too often, within, the miserable victims of mistaken pride.—I do not often write to you in this moralising strain; but I was led thereto by friendship and pity.

We have had a great deal of company at the Abbey: many of them are gone: among those that remain, are Mr. Brudenel, the only son of Lord Malcomb, and his friend Mr. Middleton—the former a gay well-bred man of about twenty-two; the latter. . . . . Assist me, ye powers of description! This young man, to a person uncommonly graceful, unites a soul noble and elevated. To see is to admire him; and the consequence of an intimate acquaintance with him, is to esteem and respect him.—In our sex, he will, too often for their peace, awaken a tenderer sentiment. "And who," you will ask, "is this all-accomplished stranger?"—Alas! my Pembrook, his birth is not equal to his virtues. His father he never knew: his mother came with this boy,

about threece years old, to Lord Malcomb's in the capacity of wet nurse to his son, having just lost her infant child. Lady Malcomb dying in child-bed, Mrs. Middleton had the sole management of the young heir, and gave such entire satisfaction to his lordship, that he thought he could never do enough for her. From wet nurse, she became his lordship's house-keeper. She was particularly anxious about her son, expressing her wish that he might be brought up as a gentleman. My lord—not only from the gratitude he thought he owed the mother, but from the great inclination he had conceived for the boy, whose innocent prattle had often diverted him—determined to give him the same education as his own son. They had the same preceptors, the same attendants; and Brudenel was taught to look on his friend as his equal. There was great delicacy in this mode of education, as the pride of birth very often, in young noblemen, gives a *hauteur* to their manner, that must be very distressing to a generous mind, when in a dependent situation.

Brought up in this manner, it seems quite natural to Brudenel to treat his companion with a respectful attention. The winning manner and natural good humour of young Middleton made him a universal favorite in his lord's family.—There is such an easy elegance in his person, that every one who does not know his situation, thinks that rank is his inheritance. The blush of gratitude glows in his face, when he mentions his birth and education, which he often does. When in company with his equals, the recollection of his obscure birth seems a heavy burden on his mind: and he endeavours, by doing what good he can to others, to express his acknowledgement of the benefits he has himself received. Yet, with people of rank, there is a commanding haughtiness in his manner, that is at the same time easy and respectful.—Dispel that blush of contempt, which perhaps at this moment o'ershadows your countenance, to find me so minute and diffuse in the praise of an humble dependent. He is formed to conquer prouder hearts than yours, Charlotte. There is a concealed haughtiness in his large dark eyes; yet, when he smiles, you would find him irresistible.

But what am I doing? warming my friend's heart in favor of a stranger. If your sensibility is awakened by my description—if you find yourself disposed to love untitled worth—if you wish to make him happy, by giving him your hand, your fortune, and your heart, for heaven's sake do not come here. The only return you would ask is not in his power to give. Middleton has not a heart to bestow. I wish that he had: I fear his will prove an ill-starred predilection. Will Lord Granville wed his only daughter to the dependent on Lord Malcomb's bounty—the son of a mean woman?—Impossible! Why then, O Middleton, do you gaze so intently on Miss Lenox? why do you so fondly encourage the first approach of an infant passion, that never can meet with success? I too well feel the effects of this passion, to be deceived in the symptoms of it in another. Miss Lenox praises his virtues: but where is that composed indifference, with which she could commend Mr. Fortescue? She feels it not: her heart is agitated by different emotions. The friendship I bear this dear girl makes me unhappy, on seeing the progres of a passion, that can bring with it nothing but anxiety and disappointment. Every one,

but myself, seems a stranger to what, for both their sakes, I wish was not to be seen.

Why does not Middleton leave us? I have pressed Matilda to go with me to the park: but she refuses, without knowing why, though the reason is pretty obvious. Yet is lord Granville sensible how dangerously agreeable this man is. It was but last night, that he talked of leaving us; when my lord, taking him by the hand in the most affectionate manner, told him, he would not hear of his going for some time. "You shall stay," continued his lordship, "and win the heart of Miss Herbert."—This is a city heiress possessed of an immense fortune, who lives in a handsome house, not far distant from the Abbey, and who has already made pretty forward advances to Middleton, which my lord wishes to make him understand. His lordship little thinks that this aspiring swain has higher-bred game in view. Poor Middleton had but little inclination to go, and therefore was easily prevailed on to stay. He made but a confused reply to his lordship's advice relative to Miss Herbert, taking at the same time a side glance at Matilda, who was preparing silk for her embroidery. At that glance Matilda turned pale, and was so fluttered, that she did nothing but entangle her silk.—How strange it is, Charlotte, that Lord and Lady Granville are so blind! Can they think, that prudence, and many other of those autumnal virtues (as Lenox calls them) which accompany the grave age of fify, will have the same power in the bloom of life? It cannot, it will not be.

Your eyes will ake inreading this long epistle; but this subject has made me perhaps tediously prolix. If you have not patience to read it, I know that you sister, the gentle Emma, will. You are a good gi l, Charlotte: but there are little nice strokes of nature, which more sensibly touch the soul of your sister, than they will you or me.—Farewell, my fair friend!—Yours most affectionately, LOUISA FALKLAND

(To be continued.)

The DUTCH PATRIOTS *of the Sixteenth Century.*

(*Continued from page* 13.)

A SINGLE nymph of the village train—the young and beauteous Adelaïs—joined not the festive throng. At a distance from her equals, prostrate before a grave o'ershadowed by funereal cypress, absorpt in profound sorrow, she riveted her eyes on the fatal spot, as if her soul wished to penetrate the covering of turf: at length mournfully detaching the flowery wreaths which depended to her zone, she deposited them on the sod, which she bathed with her tears. Her companions crowd around her, and endeavour to force her from this gloomy solitude: but their efforts are vain.

"No!" exclaimed she—"I cannot participate in your festivity! Behold that grave! The revolving year has now brought round the fatal day, on which the youth who had won my affections, fell in battle, while signalising his courage. Time has not power to dry up my tears; nor would I have crowned myself with flowers, but to consecrate them as an offering to his shade. Of that sad consolation, my beloved Ronois! they wish to deprive me!...... I honor those warriors—I sympathise in the happiness of the united lovers—but shall I no otherwise be allowed to testify those sentiments, than by joining in pleasures which my heart is incapable of relishing?—The fond remembrance with which I cherish his re-

mains, is the greatest, the only homage I can pay to conjugal fidelity and to valour.—Cruel maids! did I wish to compel you to bury your joy in his grave? Why then do you interrupt my sorrow?"

At these words, reclining her head on the grave, and clasping her arms round the humble stone which marked the spot, she embraced and clung to it with redoubled might.

Her companions, nevertheless, overpowering her resistance, were forcing her away, when Coligni descried the scene. He advances to the spot—seises the hand of Adelaïs—leads her back to the grave—and, taking off the flowery wreath which bound his temples, lays it on the hallowed turf.—Adelaïs fixes on him a look of gratitude; and her tears begin to flow less abundantly.—The dances are now abandoned: the villagers, the warriors, all crowd around Coligni and Adelaïs; all deposit their garlands on the hillock which covers the remains of Ronois. The new-married pair, affected with tender sorrow, carve on the bark of one of the cypress-trees the names of Ronois and Adelaïs; while William, his brothers, Henry, and the young Maurice, erect a trophy o'er the grave, and the Batavians celebrate in martial pæans the generous sacrifice of the warrior who shed his blood in his country's cause.

Thus, under the influence of a powerful charm which none but virtuous souls can feel, even in the midst of a joyous festival, that grave alone possesses attractions, and all hearts are captivated by the misfortune and the grief of Adelaïs, whom her companions had endeavoured to tear from the spot. The peaceful hour which divides day from night, renders still more affecting to every bosom the solemn sentiment that reigns in silence around the grave.

Suddenly Adelaïs springs up—in bewildered melancholy, invokes the shade of her lover—forms some slowly-cadenced steps round the gloomy cypress bower, while her features exhibit the agonising smile of unutterable grief—then, as if recovering from the transient illusion of a flattering dream, suddenly sinks motionless on the grave.—A flood of tears bursts from the eyes of every beholder.

At length breaking silence, "Ronois!" said William—"we have celebrated thy valour—the heroic sacrifice thou hast offered to thy country: may the voice of lamentation, which now echoes to my inmost soul, unite with the cry of justice at sight of thy grave! Hapless lovers! victims of war, that devouring monster, the offspring of tyranny, the prop of despotism, the sport of conquerors! Ah! little do they inquire whether their destructive sword snatches the son from his father, the husband from his bride! —Ye warriors!" continued he, addressing the Gallic and Batavian heroes—"I cheerfully haste to encounter the perils of war, and, if fate have so ordained, to meet death itself, while acting in just defence of the rights of mankind, in opposition to those lawless oppressors of innocence and humanity: but I detest that rage which delights in blood. I communicate to you a sentiment which I feel deeply graven on my heart, and which has oft been more amply developed in our conversations. Since men originally united in society with the sole view of promoting their mutual happiness, and destroying the seeds of contention and hostility, is not every war a civil war? or rather, is not even that too lenient a name? for, the earth being inhabited by a single family descended from one common

parent, each hostile deed becomes an act of fratricide. And yet that earth is converted into a universal field of battle: it presents to view as many traces of the ravages of the sword as of the labors of the plough: it is still more copiously drenched with blood than with the sweat and tears of those who cultivate it; and the sea, ensanguined by the carnages of which it is the theatre, swallows the mangled remains of those slaughter-heaps which the various rivers incessantly whirl into its profound abysses.

"Are we to consider as fabulous the story of men springing up from the serpent's teeth, and destroying each other at the first moment of their existence? It is the genuine history of man! The scourges, inflicted on the human race by the wrath of heaven, do not at the same period extend their baleful influence to every country of the globe, nor do they exercise unceasing ravage: but war, the habitual phrensy of kings and nations who are fired with the thirst of conquest—war is never totally extinct: the flame is but partially smothered for a season; and, after a temporary cessation, it bursts out anew—imblazes the nations of the earth, as if at stated periods—and sometimes rages with such violence as to involve the greater part of mankind in the conflagration, and to threaten their utter extinction from the face of the globe. Oh! may some benignant power at length stifle, in the hearts of nations and of those who govern them, that destructive monster, ambition, ever insatiate of human gore!"

"Who shall dare," replied Coligni, "to assign the bounds of perfectibility in man? While, barely possessed of instinct not superior to that of the animals with which he had to contend for his prey, he roamed in the forests, and had no other shelter than such as the rocky caverns afforded, who could have thought, that, at his voice, the scattered members should have coalesced to form the body of society? that those forests, those caverns, should be transformed into fertile plains and flourishing cities? Would it, therefore, be paying too great a compliment to mankind, to expect that the consequences of this fatal ambition shall, at some future period, be less frequent and less destructive?"

"The principles of morality and liberty," said William, "as yet imperfectly understood, but founded on the basis of eternal and immutable justice, cannot be annihilated. They will again make their appearance on earth; and the light of reason, which man has received from nature—that light, too frequently eclipsed—will never be wholly extinguished. In times past, the subject multitude oft have burst their chains: and who can imagine that the decrees of heaven have condemned them eternally to groan under the weight of those with which they are at present loaded?—Will not the charms of liberty, which now begins to exhibit itself to their eyes—of liberty, for which several nations have combated with immortal renown—excite their ardent wishes, and inspire them with courage to wrest the sword and the rod from the hands of the small number of tyrants who keep mankind in thraldom? Will not the desire of happiness—that desire which the Almighty Creator has himself implanted in the human breast, and which is propagated from generation to generation—will it not be their guide? will it not, in spite of the rocks that oppose their passage, at length conduct them to the port to which Nature herself invites them?

"That nation! whose characteristic features are simplicity of manners, frugality, and laborious industry—the Batavians, who occupy, as it were, but a speck on the globe, and whose happiness is disturbed by a tyrant—may yet deliver themselves from the yoke, and, in triumphing over the efforts of Spain, who aspires to universal conquest for the purpose of exercising universal oppression, may add to the strength of those who wish to counterbalance her enormous power—may set the world a great example, and contribute to rescue Europe from the chains which are prepared for her. The enterprise is perilous; but it is great and glorious; and the sufferings of the Batavian nation, their courage, their constancy, and their virtues, will teach them to brave every danger in order to achieve it."

"Nassau!" rejoined Coligni—"by thee and the Batavians be the arduous road pointed out to mankind: heaven seems to have peculiarly designated you as the chosen race who are to precede other nation in that glorious career. Let your valour be signalised in the virtuous contest; and may immortal triumphs be the reward of your generous toils!

"The spectacle of tyranny and fanaticism, which we daily see exhibited in France, does not hold out to our view a brighter prospect for the time to come. Despotism redoubles its rage; and fanaticism converts man into a tiger of the most ferocious kind—blunts the stings of remorse in his heart, and even teaches him to consider his crimes as so many virtues...... Ah! if to such an accumulation of horrors tranquillity were at length to succeed! if the French and other nations could learn to blush for their atrocious deeds! if the human race were to find a band of powerful defenders! if there were a country where the assembled legislators should raise their voices to pour forth the accents of wisdom! if they humanised the still too savage heart of man! and if that country were my native land! ...... Oh! haste, ye happier times, which I scarce venture to hope for! and may your approach—so long, so ardently wished for—be un-retarded by ambition, hypocrisy, avarice, ignorance, and the host of vices which stalk triumphant o'er the globe!"

In listening to the warriors, the inhabitants of the hamlet felt their souls captivated by a charm which they had never before experienced: but, fearing their own inability to express with adequate energy the feelings that glowed in their bosoms, they chose the most enlightened and the most respectable among the seniors of the village to be the organ of their sentiments.

"Virtuous heroes!" said he to William and Coligni—"you have at this moment displayed more genuine greatness than you have ever shown in the fields of war, where your intrepidity has exalted you above the rank of mortals. Your lessons, which are new to us, shall never be effaced from our memory:—in listening to your words, we fancied that the Almighty himself deigned to address us in the voice of his eternal wisdom. What language! how energetic from your lips! how it inspired and elevated our souls! Ah! would to heaven you could convey it to the ears—I do not say, of Medici, of Philip, or of other sovereigns whose obdurate insensibility is incapable of feeling such important truths—but, of the whole human race! Though mankind occasionally shut their ears against the maxims of reason—perhaps, like us,

they might be won by the united voices of two sages, whose valour and whose virtues are the objects of their admiration and applause."

During these conversations, the shades of night grew more dark; the wakeful host of stars shine resplendent in the sky; on earth universal rest prevails; the feathered race sleep under the motionless foliage; the circulating juices move more slowly through the veins of trees and plants; and, from the ebon car of Night, solemn Silence descends to take her lonely round. The village train return to their humble abodes, where attendant Sleep awaits to pour on them his balmy blessings: the warriors repair to their tents; and the chiefs, during the solitude of the nocturnal hours, experience the various agitations of soul inseparable from an arduous enterprise.

(*To be continued.*)

The BROTHERS; *a Moral Tale.*

(*Continued from page* 16.)

CHAP. 7.

. . . . . He is gracious, if he be observ'd:
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint—
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws, congealed in the spring of day.
His temper therefore must be well observ'd.
Chide him for faults, and do it rev'rently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;
But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working.

Shakspeare.

LORD Blenmore had scarcely related to Frederic his conference with the Viscount, when the anger which the youth was venting against this unnatural parent, was calmed by a letter delivered to him from Lady Rossford.—It was the one in which she requested a delay of their nuptials. Saint-Villiers knew his father was in the habit of writing to her, and doubted not that the disgraceful communication, intimated to himself, had been previously made to his affianced bride. He concluded that her request for delay merely arose from a wish to ascertain his real situation: for, though the heir apparent of a title, and eleven thousand per annum, had been selected by her ladyship, yet a pennyless illegitimate son would, doubtless, be cast off without ceremony.

"And this," exclaimed he—"this is the conclusion of all my prospects!—'Tis time indeed to quit a country, where I am discarded with scorn by a cruel father, and an unfeeling selfish mistress. Read this letter, My lord," added he, presenting it to him: "and believe me, that, sooner than see the woman who penned it, to feed her vanity by imploring her compassion, I would put an end to my existence, as she has put an end to my hopes, and helped to deprive me of all that made life desirable."

Lord Blenmore ruminated more seriously than he had ever done before, on the situation of his guest, and perfectly co-incided with him in what he supposed to be the sentiments that suggested the letter. The Earl would have used more efforts for the future husband of Lady Rossford, or heir apparent of Lord Saint-Villiers, than for a youth unfriended by any one but himself. Some electioneering projects would render a quarrel with Lord Saint-Villiers peculiarly inconvenient; and he dreaded the embarrassment, that would arise to himself, if Frederic should endeavour legallyto enforce his claims: for, notwithstanding the plausible tale he had heard, his conscience would scarcely

let him suppose the young man to be any other than what he had hitherto been reputed, till this unexpected change in his affairs arose.

Thus circumstanced, the first suggestion of the Earl's worldly-minded policy was, to prevail on Saint-Villiers to quit the kingdom; and, while he only hesitated how to introduce the subject, he was relieved by his companion's starting up, as if from a profound *rêverie,* and swearing, that, for ten times his wealth, he would not acknowledge such a father, or remain in a country where his treatment had been so infamous; but, resigning at once all his expectations, would carve his own fortune: and, so far from wishing to counteract the projects of Lord Saint-Villiers or Lady Rossford, he could not now receive any mortification so acute as that of supposing his future fate at all connected with them.

These sentiments were highly approved by Lord Blenmore: and he rejoiced upon hearing the young gentleman hint an intention of purchasing into some regiment abroad. This likewise his lordship warmly applauded, and, not allowing him to cool upon the subject, wrote to an army agent in London, to expedite the business as speedily as possible; adding, that, if Mr. Saint-Villiers should require money towards the purchase of his commission, or equipment for foreign service, his banker would have orders to supply it.

Frederic, without further reflexion, immediately set off for London. Lord Blenmore loaded him with protestations of the indefatigable zeal with which he would watch over his interests, and instantly apprise him, if any favorable developement seemed likely to take place; but added his most strenuous advice that his young friend should lose no time in commencing soldier, to prove himself independent of those from whom he had experienced a conduct so unfeeling. This argument had greater weight, than any other, with him to whom it was addressed, whose mind, unfitted for deliberation, resembled a sort of chaos, with every contending passion up in arms.

In the course of a day or two after his arrival in London, he was possessed of a commission in a regiment then in India.—Could he instantly have joined, many of the errors and misfortunes of his subsequent life might have been avoided: but he found that some weeks must necessarily elapse, before he could embark: and, in that interval, the want of better employment threw him into that most dangerous of all situations—a gaming-house. He there experienced the vicissitudes of fortune, attendant upon the frequenters of such places, and became a prey to those harpies who resort to them, "seeking whom they may devour." His unrivalled skill at billiards put many hundreds in his pocket: but, while thousands were risked upon cards and dice, his success at the one was by no means equivalent to the failure at the other.

To relate his various adventures at this unfortunate period, would be alike a difficult and a wearisome task: suffice it, therefore, to say, that he was at length arrested, and only extricated from the horrors of a prison, by the sale of his commission.

Thus, every better prospect annihilated—an outcast, partly by misfortune, but still more by imprudence, from his native island—without a home, a friend, or even any rationally projected plan to rely upon—we see him once more at liberty

—cursing the hour that gave him birth, and feeling a degree of misery, which, however its source may be condemned, must excite that sympathy in a feeling breast, which the fallen state of a fellow creature is calculated to inspire.

While in this degraded state, the unhappy courses that had precipitated his destruction, seemed nevertheless the only means of retrieving himself; but, profiting by some of the observations which a fatal experience had taught him, he resolved to be upon his guard. He again placed himself at a billiard-table. The stake was low: his antagonist was a gentleman of fortune, who merely played for amusement, and, though inferior to Saint-Villiers, played well.

To one, who, like the unfortunate hero of our tale, was stimulated by the hope of gain, this was insipid. He felt no motive for exertion; and, as they waited the event of a conquering game, his spirits fell: his mind insensibly became abstracted; and a heedless stroke decided the business against him.

"D*** me, Saint-Villiers!" said Lord Thackwood, who had only been in town a few days, and entered the room, just as the ball was struck, which had lost the game.—"D*** me! you've forgotten how to play. Why, man, you're only fit to be made lord mayor, and have a mace carried *before* you; for I'm sure you're not fit to have one in your own hands. But perhaps your arms have been shackled where you've been: and I see you're devilishly down in the mouth: so no wonder—that's your *cue*."

Though Saint-Villiers had sense enough to have despised this futile attempt at wit, the brutal allusion to his misfortunes was too much for his temper: and he interrupted Lord Thackwood with a violent burst of anger, insisting he should quit the room with him directly. The company here thought proper to interpose: for, though they knew not that his Lordship's behaviour had the aggravation of exulting over a man whom he had known in a different situation, and always looked up to with envy; yet insulting a gentleman upon his recent misfortune was a low and illiberal species of malice, which roused the indignation of all who heard it; and they were unanimous in insisting that Lord Thackwood should apologise for his rudeness.

Lord Thackwood, like most other spirits who will take advantage of a fallen adversary, was a coward in grain. He now felt completely alarmed, and readily consented to the enforced submission.

Sir Benjamin Merrick—Saint-Villiers's late opponent—had soon perceived himself matched against a man capable of superior play to what he was then exerting, and, for that reason, had determined not to hazard more than a conquering game: for, though passionately fond of billiards, and having no greater pleasure, than seeing it played to perfection, yet his prudence never suffered him to carry on the contest with those who might be said to pursue it professionally. He had, on previous occasions, been forced very reluctantly to submit to Lord Thackwood, whom in every other light he despised so completely, that he felt a humiliation to own his superiority even in this. He therefore enjoyed his Lordship's present mortification; and it probably was not without some view towards increasing it, that he started the proposal of Saint-Villiers's taking his revenge upon Lord Thackwood at the billiard-table.

The haughty spirit of Saint-Vil-

liers spurned at the very idea of playing with one who had insulted him: but, alas! where the bent of the ruling passion lies, 'tis easy to excite to action in conformity with it; and, upon being further urged, he at length complied, though in opposition to his better judgement. He was agitated by the preceding scene:—he felt a momentary regret upon Lord Blenmore's account: his nerves were not firm; and he lost the first game.

Lord Thackwood, though more guarded in what he uttered, was elated to the highest degree, and betrayed the most exulting triumph.

Saint-Villiers was now roused to attention. He found his antagonist considerably improved since they had last played together:—he exerted his skill, and was once more a conqueror.

Lord Thackwood doubled his bets; and so complete was his infatuation, that he persevered until he had lost between six and seven thousand pounds.

Saint-Villiers, who was certainly under obligations to Lord Blenmore—though he knew his character sufficiently well, to be certain that they were only attributable to selfish motives—could not be altogether acquitted in this transaction. Yet the irritation he was under, and other attendant circumstances, should be recollected, before he be too severely condemned. Had he left off with a quarter of his winnings, the spectators would have thought them due to his skill, and rejoiced in the defeat of his illiberal opponent. But there is always a sort of sympathy in British minds, which sides with a sufferer: and, long before the contest ended, Lord Thackwood was regarded as a pigeon, and Saint-Villiers as a rook, who attended, merely to pillage the unwary; while the circumstance of his having previously lost three games was imputed to the sinister motive of attempting a decoy by concealing his superiority.

Erroneous as was this suspicion, and wholly inapplicable to a man, who, far from laying traps to deceive, might rather be said to be "sinned against, than sinning"—and in whose character, precipitancy was a principal fault—it nevertheless operated most powerfully against him.

Saint-Villiers had the mortification to find himself considered in no other light than that of a designing gambler. His skill at billiards was now so decided, that few would engage against it. He had prudence enough to refrain from hazard: consequently he was much alone; and London, as every other place must be to a man who has no comfortable reflexions in his own bosom, became so wearisome, that he resolved on going to the continent, though without any determinate object, or other view than that of whiling away the time, till some eligible mode of life should open to him.

The different scenes in which he had been engaged, had in some degree weakened the violence of his resentment against his father; and, as far as he was concerned, a sort of haughty apathy was the predominating sentiment. He felt that the treatment he received, and the train of circumstances leading to it, were more reproachful to Lord Saint-Villiers, than to himself; but, when his thoughts glanced towards Lady Rossford, his personal pride at once took the alarm, and he blessed the fate which had delivered him from such a woman, from whom his altered circumstances had stripped a flimsy veil. Had she been faithful, he thought he might even yet have defied the frowns of fortune.—On her

account, he detested the sex, he abjured his country (as he believed) for ever; and, no longer deigning to retain a name to which he was told he had not a legal claim, he assumed the first that accident presented to his recollection, and commenced his travels, as Monsieur D'Armontel.

(*To be continued.*)

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

Dr. Johnson, in explaining the word *Mackerel* in his Dictionary, has the following observation and couplet: "*Mackerel-Gale* seems to be, in *Dryden's* cant, a strong breeze; such, I suppose, as is desired to bring mackerel fresh to market.

They put up every sail:
The wind was fair, but blew a *mack'rel-gale.* *Dryden.*"

I cannot help thinking that the learned doctor was quite out in his idea of a mackerel-gale being a strong breeze; for the couplet appears (at least to *me*) to convey a different one. The circumstance of every sail being hoisted argues strongly against it: for it is universally known that such a proceeding in a strong breeze would be very dangerous: and the meaning of the line,

The wind was fair, *but* blew a mack'rel-gale,

seems to bear me out:—the wind was fair, but slight: and therefore every sail was hoisted, in order to make the most of it.

It is, I think, very likely that the term *mackerel-gale*, if applied, as I conceive, to a slight breeze, may be borrowed from the appearance frequently produced on the surface of the water by a shoal of mackerel, which exactly resembles the rippling produced by the approach of a gentle breeze: or it may have some reference to the sort of breeze best suited to fish for mackerel in.

I should be glad to see an opinion or two on this matter from your other correspondents; for, if great men fall into errors, it is apt to lead little men, like myself, astray.

I am, sir, &c. J. M. L.

The OLD WOMAN. NO. 2.
On GOOD TEMPER, *and the* DUTIES *of the* MARRIAGE STATE.

As friendship is termed the balm, so may good-nature be termed the sweetener, of existence; a syrup which so happily blends with the acid circumstances of life, that, instead of their souring the mind, and rendering it peevish and petulant, it reconciles it to the most trying events.

In our journey through life, good-temper may be considered as a passport, which will procure us a kind reception in our intercourse with the world: but, at home, its endearing charm has a still more powerful influence; and, whilst it communicates pleasure, it attracts regard.—With advantages like these, is it not extraordinary that so few persons should take pains to encourage this inspirer of happiness? In short, that, instead of considering it as a duty they owe society to conceal any deformity in their disposition, they should actually seem to embrace every opportunity of displaying it?

Seneca observes, "that a good conscience is both the testimony, and reward, of a good life;" and the same may be said of a good temper; for it never fails to recompense its possessor with tranquillity and peace.—The desire of being pleased is universal; and, if the desire of pleasing was so likewise, how different would be the state of many individuals, who are groaning under misery which a domestic tyrant inflicts!—Though an intercourse with

the world is considered as a refiner of the temper, by polishing off the rough angles which nature had impressed upon it, yet how often do we find the mere *surface only* smoothed, while all the rugged particles still remain within!—Ill-nature, and its too frequent companion, resentment, are so turbulent in their effect, so pernicious in their consequences, and so destructive to the peace and order of society, that it is astonishing the desire of self-gratification should not be sufficiently powerful to root out such troublesome inmates from the human breast.

It has long been the subterfuge of the bad-tempered and revengeful, to cast that odium upon nature, which ought only to be attached to themselves. They were born, they say, with passions, which they find it impossible to conquer, and therefore that great allowance ought to be made for them.—Though this mode of arguing may be satisfactory to those persons who suffer themselves to be influenced by these baneful propensities, yet the futility of it is proved, when we find those very persons veiling their bad-temper in the company of their superiors, and putting on a garb of plausibility and sweetness.—But this temporary suppression of these hateful passions always induces them to burst out with greater violence the moment they can obtain vent; and that home, which ought to be the scene of tranquillity and concord, is the spot generally fixed upon, for the explosion of them.

Life is a state of trial and uncertainty, full of vicissitudes, anxieties, and fears:—the fairest prospects may be suddenly over-shadowed; and the brightest sun-shine unexpectedly obscured.—As we are placed in a state so liable to variation, and as we all must meet with trials and misfortunes, how necessary it is, by cheerfulness and good-humour, to strew poppies and roses amidst the thorns!—Yet the thorns, which adverse circumstances plant in the path of existence, have their points doubly sharpened by bad-temper and spleen; and those very trials, which we should be able to support with cheerfulness and resignation, are rendered, by its effect, difficult to sustain.

Though, in all situations of life, sweetness of temper carries a charm with it, in no instance is it so essential to happiness, as in the marriage state: and, where this is wanting, it requires no small portion both of principle and affection, to enable the being who feels its influence, to support the galling chain.—That link of roses, with which the poets represent Hymen as uniting his votaries, becomes adamant in strength and iron in weight; and those refined enjoyments, which arise from attention and the desire of pleasing, are all swallowed up in the turbulent passions which agitate the mind.

I will not take upon myself to decide whether it is from nature or education that the generality of men are much more impetuous in their dispositions than the female sex; but that they are so, is a truth, which requires neither argument nor disquisition to prove it: in short it is an undoubted matter of fact.—But, admitting the evil irremediable, is there no way, it may be asked, of diminishing it? Is it not in the power of the wife to soften down those asperities of temper, which are so destructive to the happiness of both parties?—There are some men, I allow, who permit their passions to to obtain such entire dominion over their reason, that every endeavour to allay them proves unavailing: in short, as well might an attempt be

made to stop an eruption of Vesuvius, or to check the motion of the sea's agitated waves.—In such a case, silently to submit to an unavoidable misfortune, is the only method a judicious female can practise; for every attempt to soften increases irritation, and acts like fuel to a flame.—On the contrary, there are men, whose impetuous passions are extinguished by the united powers of softness and persuasion—and who, in the very moment of rage, will listen to the voice of reason, when it flows from the lips of the woman whom they love.

It is only among the uncivilised part of the creation, that women are deprived of that influence which God and nature intended they should possess; for, in proportion as the mind of man becomes more refined and polished, they are treated with a mixture of tenderness and esteem. "No man" (says Hunter, in his Sacred Biography) "ever prospered in the world without the consent and co-operation of his wife. Let him be never so frugal, regular, industrious, intelligent, and successful—all goes for nothing, if she is profuse, disorderly, indolent, or unfaithful to her trust."—"With what spirit" (he again observes) "does a man labor in his vocation, when he knows that his earnings will be faithfully disposed of, and carefully improved! With what confidence will he resort to his farm or merchandise, fly over land, sail over seas, meet difficulty, and encounter danger, if he is assured that he is not spending his strength in vain—that all is well at home, and that indulgent heaven has crowned all his other blessings with that of a help-mate meet for him! How delightful it is to have a companion in solitude, an assistant in labor, and a partaker in joy! Yet human life is full of varieties, painful as well as pleasant: sorrow and pain, solicitude and disappointment, enter into the history of man; and he is but half provided for the voyage of life, who has found an associate for his happier days *only*, while, for his months of darkness and distress, no sympathising partner is prepared.—No prudence or foresight can ward off the attack of disease, or prevent the stroke of calamity;—affluence cannot purchase release from pain, nor tenderness cool the fever of the blood; yet there is one ear, into which he can pour out all his heart—there is one hand ever ready to relieve him;—one life that is bound up in his:—and, as enjoyment derives its chief relish from participation, so misery loses its chief anguish, in the bosom of sympathy and kindness."

What a beautiful picture is this, of that mutual dependence upon each other, which the marriage station represents! And, if the lord of the creation (as he is termed) can not enjoy individual happiness, how much more dependent must be the state of the softer sex!—To the protecting care of the husband, women were by nature designated; they ought to be the avengers of even insult, and the sharers of every grief; yet how many instances does private life present of their oppressing, where they ought to succour, and displaying tyranny, where they ought to evince tenderness and esteem!

But, allowing it no uncommon thing for a female to be thus unfortunately situated, admitting, that, though multitudes are daily approaching the shrine of Hymen, yet the greater number find his torch soon extinguished—still there are secret satisfactions to be derived from wedlock, which a state of celibacy never afforded.—The very cares and anxieties attached to infancy, carry

with them a sweet and inspiring influence; and the being able to impart a sustaining nourishment to helpless innocence affords a gratification too exquisite for language to express.—The interesting occupation which immediately succeeds it, has been beautifully described by Thomson, in his Seasons;—and the author, whose judicious observations I have previously quoted, is of opinion that the duties attached to, and the pleasures arising from being a mother, commence from a still earlier period.

"Education, on the part of the mother," (observes Mr. Hunter) "commences from the moment she has the prospect of being such; in consequence of which, the care of her own health is the first duty that she owes her child.—There are offices" (he continues) "which maternal solicitude alone can pay; and nature has so happily blended the duty with the reward, that they can neither be distinguished nor separated.—In the more advanced stages of education, when the boy is removed from under the maternal wing, the mother still retains her ascendency, and binds him to her in a silken chain.—What ingenuous young man ever felt the maternal yoke galling, or longed to be emancipated from the glossy fetters with which his mother had secured all the tender affections of his soul? and, while he feels uneasy at the restraints of parental authority, and pants for that independence he is so desirous to obtain, he readily submits to her milder arguments, and, though independent in all other things, feels he cannot live without the smiles of maternal approbation.—Whatever be the disposition, whatever the faculties of the child, *who* so well knows the road to the understanding, and the way to the heart? who has skill, like a mother, to encourage the timid, or repress the bold? who, like her, has power to subdue the stubborn, or confirm the irresolute? who, with such exquisite art, can draw out, put in motion, and direct ordinary or superior powers, place goodness in its fairest and most attractive light, and expose vice in its most hideous and forbidding form? But, in educating children of her own sex, the important trust chiefly, if not entirely, devolves upon her; and where could it be so well deposited? From her own character she derives knowledge; from the world, experience; and maternal affection completely qualifies her for the arduous undertaking.—A mother only can enter into the feelings, the weaknesses, and the necessities, of a young female entering on an unknown, varying, tempestuous, and dangerous ocean; for she remembers how she felt and feared, what she needed, and how she was assisted, relieved, and carried through.—To a mother only, can a young female impart the numberless nameless anxieties, which every step she takes in life must necessarily excite; for, when she converses with her mother, it only appears like thinking aloud.—A mother's conduct is the liveliest picture of virtue that can be presented: and the hope of her applause, the most powerful motive, (next to her Creator's) to induce the imitation."

How gratifying a reflexion must it be to parents to know, that, through their precepts and example, their children are held up as patterns of imitation to the friends of their youth! But how exquisitely more delightful must be the conviction that they have laid the foundation of their eternal happiness in a future and better world; and that, by fulfilling one of the most important duties of christianity, themselves will be cer-

tain of meeting with a bright reward!

These refined gratifications may result from the most unhappy unions. A husband's deviation from the path of conjugal duty cannot prevent the wife from enjoying a secret satisfaction in properly forming the minds of her children; though I allow, that satisfaction must be infinitely more exquisite, when both parents take an equal interest in the delightful task. Then the most refined sensations must expand the maternal bosom; and, as time gradually opens her children's understanding, she anticipates the dear delight of beholding her husband's virtues reflected in her sons.

(*To be continued.*)

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

I cannot doubt your readiness to give a place in your work for any attempt in a correspondent to serve the cause of virtue and morality. I shall therefore proceed, without any apology, to introduce to you a little domestic picture, which has at least the merit of being drawn from life. The following is an original letter, from a youth in town, to his parents in the country.—I am, &c. H.

My dear Parents,

I am sorry to say I have been suffering under the complaint which too generally affects young people on their first entering the world. It is a disorder that may, in its rapid progress, ruin the mind, although it may leave the body uninjured. It is a strange disease! The more it preys upon the patient, the more the patient becomes, not only satisfied, but even pleased, with it! And what *bodily* disorder can be like it? I believe the mental physician calls it *self-conceit*. Now that I begin to *think*, my dear parents, I am ashamed to own that I have been so completely swayed by this great enemy of youth, this *powerful weakness*, as to suffer my young mind to forget that modesty is the most engaging of moral virtues. I have never once recollected the letters my brother used to write to me while I was at school. In those same letters, you may remember, he never omitted to press upon me the advantage I should find in life by carrying with me the ever-respected demeanour of modesty and steady virtue, on every occasion. In those letters, an elder brother, who has seen much of life, expressed the most affectionate anxiety for my welfare; and, having struggled with misfortunes and worldly taials himself, his first desire appears to be to ease the cares of our good parents, and to contribute, so far as his abilities will enable him, to the comfort, respectability, and happiness of the whole family: and yet have I been inattentive to his advice, however anxiously given:—yet have I even been sometimes so ridiculously weak, so stubbornly forgetful of modesty, so daringly self-conceited, so confident of my own superior talents, that I have more than once or twice assumed to myself more grammatical knowledge, more general talent, than my brother!—I have ventured on more than one occasion to dispute with him, when I ought to have listened to him as a voluntary tutor! And as to his wife—I have not scrupled to treat *her* opinions always with coldness, and frequently with absolute contempt!—A lad of spirit, like me, to be over-ruled, to be outdone in knowledge, by a sister-in-law!—No! no! that would not suit my superior spirit. What! have I been to school to learn grammar; and then am I to come under the roof of a brother, and there submit, not only to him, but to his wife, above all things?—Yes! very pretty! How should she be a scholar? How

should she know so well as I do? I will not submit to such instruction, such corrections, indeed! Did not my schoolmaster tell me, and my father too, that I was a clever fellow? Yes, to be sure, he did, over and over again. And yet, now that I am come away from school, I am *not* a clever fellow! But I see how it is: they can discover my abilities plainly enough; but they are envious and jealous of me! They can see that I shall out-do them all. However, this determination I have made, and am resolved to abide by it. Whenever my sister gives an opinion, I will directly give one in opposition to hers, whatever it may be; and, whenever my brother particularly wishes me to feel the weight of his observations, I will seem as cold as possible, however those observations may affect my welfare. Thus shall I maintain my own dignity, in defiance of the superiority which it is ignorantly supposed this brother maintains in the once obscure family of H*****. I will show that I have genius to rise above him and all the rest of them! Even now, although I have been but three months in town, I am sure I have much more taste than he has. If you were to see his matted pate against my elegant head! Oh! dear me! there's no comparison! He has a head like a country boy; and mine has the hair combed, and turned, and curled, and frizzled, a dozen times a day, in the most fashionable style. They stare at me everywhere; and why is it? Why, because I have a fashionable head, to be sure! What care I about my brother's hints?—He allows that decency is a duty, that a genteel address is a great recommendation: and yet he pretends that my outward appearance ought not to have so much attention as my mind. What nonsense! Have I not mind enough for any body? I have a mind above instruction; and I'll soar above the earth, aye above the clouds, entirely by my own abilities—without the assistance of a brother!

In this manner, my dear father and mother, have I suffered my understanding to be weakened by the destructive enemy of the human heart. The corroding strength of self-conceit has almost overpowered my mind; and I can plainly see it has much disappointed my brother, who so strongly recommended to me to be always modest and submissive to my elders, and to those whose opinions were directed for my good. But I now begin to feel something like a desire to become respected by the lovers of modest youth. I have learned that merit, and only merit, will always have encouragement; and, although I have often wondered that my brother never seemed to give me much praise, I confess I now cease to wonder;—for, if I always praise myself, why should others praise me? O my dear parents! I fear my brother has been to blame for allowing me to go on so long without reproof:—but I know he does not like to hurt the feelings of any one; and perhaps he has delayed to check me, in hopes that I should in a short time see myself, and save him the vexation of correcting me. This merit, then, I now claim, as the first proof of my amendment. I have seen my defects, and am determined to become a more pleasing companion for an anxious brother—the submissive, modest, and consequently more respected,

HUBERT.

The PLEASURES *of* BENEVOLENCE.

(*Continued from page 9.*)

THOUGH the spirits of Lady Mortimer were depressed by a succession of domestic calamities, yet the consciousness of having imparted

happiness to the bosoms of two amiable beings gave a tranquil serenity to her mind; and even her health appeared to have derived advantage from the benevolent exertions of the last three days.

As a near relative of the late Sir Henry resided within a short distance of the road through which Lady Mortimer necessarily traveled, she determined to accept an invitation which had been frequently repeated, instead of sleeping at an inn. —By the sudden death of Sir Henry, Mr. Mortimer had unexpectedly come into the possession of part of his landed property, which, united to a large portion of wealth acquired in the East Indies, gave him a degree of consequence in the county, calculated to increase the natural haughtiness of his disposition.—When her ladyship arrived within about ten miles of Mr. Mortimer's splendid mansion, she sent her footman forward with a letter, to announce her intention of sleeping there that night; and, to give the horses time for refreshment, resolved to dine at a small inn, which was striking for its neatness.—The situation rendered it picturesquely beautiful: it stood on the declivity of a hill, embosomed in a grove of trees which overshadowed it.—The village church was within the distance of a hundred yards; while the pines and elms, with which the surrounding space was alternately intersected, gave to meditation a pleasing charm.

As soon as dinner was ended, Lady Mortimer proposed to Miss Downing to take a nearer view of the hallowed ground; and, when they reached the spot, their attention was attracted by observing an aged figure stretched upon a new-made mound of earth.—To a mind endowed with sensibility, sorrow is always sacred:—Lady Mortimer paused, as if fearful of interrupting his grief; and, leaning upon the shoulder of her young companion, stood attentively gazing upon the affecting sight.—Too deeply absorbed in the sorrow which preyed upon his feelings to attend to the surrounding scene, he remained several minutes in that recumbent posture, but at length arose with a deep-drawn sign.—The sable garb of Lady Mortimer seemed to arrest his notice, as with a solemn step he drew near her; while the drops of sensibility, which trembled in her eye, proved that sympathy or misfortune, or both combined, had deeply affected her.

"*You too* have perhaps lost a daughter!" said the stranger, as he passed her.—"Oh! I have lost all that rendered life dear to me!" replied the fair mourner in a tone of heart-felt grief.—The old man stopped, and, gazing at her attentively, exclaimed, "My child was murdered by treachery and deceit!" then bursting into a flood of tears, he hastily walked from them, and turned down a narrow lane.

The agonising look which he directed toward the grave, as he made the declaration, united to the impassioned manner in which it was expressed, must have excited an interest in the bosom of any human being not totally devoid of humanity and feeling.—The beauty of the surrounding scenery was lost in the contemplation of those sorrows which had produced such a melancholy effect; and Lady Mortimer immediately returned to the apartment she had so recently quitted, and requested to speak with the landlady of the inn.

It was no idle curiosity which influenced the conduct of that amiable woman, but a far better motive.

She had beheld a being who had excited her tenderest sympathy, and who, it was possible, might labor under the additional misfortune of pecuniary distress, which she hoped might be mitigated by the influence of benevolence.—Having explained to the attentive landlady the reason why she had been summoned, and expressed the sympathy which had been excited by the sorrows of the old man, she requested to know to what he had alluded, by saying his daughter had been "murdered by treachery and deceit."

"Lack-a-day, my lady! the poor creature has been rather oddish in his mind, as a body may say, ever since the death of his poor child," replied Mrs. Mason: "and no wonder; for she was one of the sweetest creatures that ever lived."

"What was the disease which proved fatal to his daughter?" inquired Lady Mortimer.—"Folks said, my lady, as how she died of a broken heart; but she went into a galloping consumption, brought on by a disappointment in love."

"And what became of her treacherous lover? did he forsake her, to marry some more wealthy fair?"—"Oh! no, please your ladyship: I believe marriage never once entered into His Honor's head."

"His Honor!" repeated Lady Mortimer. "There seems to have been something mysterious in the unfortunate young woman's fate."—The landlady, perceiving her guest evidently expected an answer, after pausing a few moments, said, "Yes, my lady: but I believe the least said is best."

This ambiguous reply naturally increased Lady Mortimer's curiosity; and, after much hesitation on the part of Mrs. Mason, and a thousand hopes that her ladyship would not think she ever took the liberty of speaking ill of her betters, particularly as she thought her ladyship might be related to His Honor, she gave an epitome of the unfortunate Lucy Darwin's history in the following words—

"I do not wonder at your ladyship feeling for poor farmer Darwin; for I am sure there is no one can see him, and keep a dry eye in their heads; in short, there is not a man in the whole village, who was, I may say, so much respected: and as to his dear sweet daughter, she was beloved by every creature that knew her.—She was indeed, my lady, as sweet a girl as you ever set eyes upon; and so dutiful to her father, and such an excellent manager of all his household affairs, that there was not a young farmer within twenty miles of us, who would not have been happy to marry Lucy Darwin; and then, my lady, she was so gentle in her manners, and so kind-hearted to every one in distress—and then withal she was such an excellent scholar, that she could talk upon all kinds of subjects.—To be sure, she was a lucky girl in meeting with such a friend as Mrs. Davenport. Mrs. Davenport, your ladyship must know, was an officer's widow, who lodged with them, and took such a liking to Lucy when she was but a mere plaything, that she would hardly ever let her go out of her apartments; but, as she grew older, she educated her, as if she had been her own daughter, and at the same time taught her how to manage all kind of household matters.—Ah! poor dear lady! it was a blessing that God took her when he did; for, had she lived to see her favorite sinking into an untimely grave, I am sure, and sartin, it would have broken her heart.

"But, my lady, I forget that you did not know Madam Davenport,

and so I beg your ladyship's pardon for mentioning her: but she was a dear good gentlewoman as ever stepped in shoe-leather.—Well! I think it is now about eighteen months since the squire and some of his young companions came to dine at the Star: they had been on a fishing party; and our house is not above a furlong from the river.—As most gentlemen do, they sat drinking a good while after dinner; and my husband was mighty proud at hearing them say the wine was very good: and I suppose he told the young squire so; for he filled him a bumper, and insisted upon his giving them a toast.—"Well, Your Honor," says my husband, "I'll give you the prettiest girl in all England, though she lives in our little village." So saying, he bowed to the gentlemen, and drank the health of Lucy Darwin.—It was an unlucky thing, to be sure, his saying she was the prettiest girl in all England: for they all declared they would go to the farm; and, though my husband would have gone down on his knees to prevent them, away they all set out—Fortunately, my lady, Lucy and her father were both gone to drink tea at the parsonage; and, as young Squire Mortimer was not quite so tipsey as his companions, he would not agree to their going there, because he knew something of Mr. Eldridge, and though the might make up some tale to His Honor.

"The next morning, however, who should I see walking with farmer Darwin, but the young squire: for, some how or other, he had heard he had a beautiful mare to dispose of; and he pretended he wanted to buy her:—and buy her he did, that is certain, and ordered her to be brought to our house. 'Mr. Mason,' (says he) 'can you let this beautiful animal stand in your stable for three weeks or a month? for my father is making some alterations; and, until they are finished, I cannot have her home'

"My husband, as your ladyship may suppose, readily consented; and the mare was an excuse for him frequently to come; and, as sure as he did, he always made some pretence or other, to go to the farm.—Both my husband and I began to grow very uneasy; and (begging your ladyship's pardon) I could not help calling him a fool for having mentioned the beauty of poor Lucy, although I am sartin he had no more thought of any harm happening from it, than the child that's unborn.—Well! my lady, a month passed on, and another to it, and no talk of the horse being taken home; when, one day, the young squire seeing me all alone in the bar-room, walked in, and sat down.—For my part, I was quite astonished at his *condersension*; for he always used to seem so high and proud, that I did not even like to wait upon him when he came to the house.—'Can you keep a secret, Mrs. Mason?' says he smiling. —'If Your Honor will try me,' says I, courtesying as I spoke, 'I believe you will find I am as much to be trusted as your own mother.'

"Oh! my mother! why she is the last person I should think of trusting in a love affair:—but the truth is, I have lost my heart, Mrs. Mason, and, strange as you may think it, to a farmer's daughter.—Love, however, my good woman, levels all distinctions; and I mean to marry her—that is, at a future period; but, just at present, it is out of my power.—Were my father even to suspect this intention, he would disinherit me, and send me abroad; and her father has actually forbidden my going to his house: so, my good Mrs. Mason, unless you

will stand my friend in this business, I shall be the most miserable man in the whole world.'

"These, I assure you, were his own words, my lady: and, to cut my story short, he entreated me to request Lucy to meet him at our house.—I told His Honor I hoped he did not mean to deceive her, and that I feared his father would never consent to his marrying her.—'Deceive her, Mrs. Mason!' said he: 'I hope I am not such a villain. I would not injure such an angel of purity, to become master of the whole world. I repeat that it is my intention to marry her; and I only beg that I may occasionally have the happiness of seeing her at your house.'

"I hardly knew how to act, please your ladyship; for I was afraid of offending the young squire; and yet, some how or other, I did not like them *clandestical* meetings.—I went however to farmer Darwin's, and carried a letter with me from Mr. Mortimer; and never shall I forget how the poor dear girl cried over it; for she said she had made a promise to her father never more to see the squire, and that she could not break her word.—She told me what pains she had taken to struggle against her liking; for, though he had given her a written promise of marriage, she feared His Honor would never consent to his son's marrying such a one as her; but begged me to tell him she should always love him, and pray for his happiness, while she had breath to draw.

"Well! my lady, when he found she would not come here, he was just like a distracted creature; but he watched his opportunity, and contrived to meet her when her worthy father was gone to a neighbouring fair.—Poor dear lamb! she little suspected his cruel purpose, or the wickedness of his heart; and so she consented to walk with him down a narrow lane, which led to the high road, where he had a chaise and four waiting, into which he forced her.—God Almighty, however, they say, always protects the innocent; and he mercifully protected her; for the man at the turnpike had happened to see the chaise waiting, and, some how or other, suspected, for no good, and determined, if the blinds remained drawn up, to stop it under some pretence or other.—A servant rode first, to pay all expenses; and the man readily let him through: but, when the chaise came up, he pretended the lock of the gate had caught some how; the postillions began swearing: and the squire let down the blind in a violent passion.—Poor Lucy screamed out, and begged the toll-man to save her from destruction, and restore her to her father. —He knew her voice, called loudly for two or three men to assist him, when the squire jumped out at the opposite door. Lucy at the same moment fell down in a fit at the bottom of the carriage, and remained in that state for several hours.

"From that time, my lady, the poor thing never held up her head again, but drooped, and drooped, like a blighted flower; and, though her poor father had all the doctors around the country to her, they said she was dying of a broken heart: and so she did, sweet dear creature! and was buried last Sunday three weeks.

"And now, my lady, I hope you will not be offended with me for what I have told you, as the young squire, I suppose, is your relation," (continued Mrs. Mason courtesying); "for it does not become people like me, to speak ill of their betters: and, if your ladyship had not desired

me to tell you the story, I should not have said a word; though, God knows, whenever I see poor farmer Darwin, the sight of him is ready to break my heart: and I can't help thinking that those who have brought him into that sad situation, will have a terrible deal to answer for, in the other world."

"A terrible deal, indeed, Mrs. Mason!" repeated Lady Mortimer, shuddering at the very thought; "and, though I admire your prudence in not making that vicious young man's conduct a subject of conversation, yet such characters certainly deserve to be exposed."

Her Ladyship then inquired whether the unhappy father of poor Lucy had any relative with him to watch over his infirmity, and sooth the agitated state of his mind, declaring, that, if he had not, she should consider it a duty to place a proper person to take care of him.—Lady Mortimer, however, had the satisfaction of hearing that the object of her commiseration, though robbed of his dearest earthly possession, was yet rich in friends; and that, from the period of poor Lucy's indisposition, an attached sister resided with him, who at a distance watched his frequent visits to the grave of his happiness.

With a mind strongly prejudiced against the son, from her landlady's description of his vices, Lady Mortimer felt an unconquerable repugnance to becoming the guest of the father; and, had not the servant been sent to announce her intended visit, she certainly would have passed that night at the Star.—The fate of poor Lucy Darwin afforded ample subject for conversation to Lady Mortimer and her young companion, during their drive to Elm Tree Park—a title, which the owner of that splendid mansion had given to it, in consequence of the park containing a number of elm trees of extraordinary growth.

Though the sun had scarcely declined when Lady Mortimer's carriage entered the park gate, yet her eye was struck by the glittering appearance of the house; for every apartment seemed to be illuminated, so numerous were the lights in every window.

"Oh my dear Emma! how ill does the splendid appearance of that mansion accord with the feelings of my heart!" said Lady Mortimer, pressing the hand of Miss Downing, with the softest pressure of regard.—"Would to heaven I had never thought of paying this hated visit!" she continued:—"and, to complete my mortification, this must be a night of gala."

The carriage at that moment stopped. The folding doors were thrown open; and four servants in rich liveries appeared: two flew to the chaise door, while the other two stood stationed at the entrance, and, with obsequious formality, loudly announced the name of Lady Mortimer.—An elegant young man immediately came forward, and, respectfully taking Lady Mortimer by the hand, entreated she would have the goodness to allow him to become his father's representative. "He is unfortunately confined by the gout, madam," said he; "or I should not have had the honor of receiving you at Elm Park."

The tone of his voice, the elegance of his person, and the insinuating sweetness of his countenance, were calculated to make a favorable impression upon every beholder, but particularly upon a woman of refinement and taste.—The image of poor Lucy Darwin, however, seemed suddenly to rise before her, and check the favorable impression pro-

duced by the elegance of his manners: but, returning his compliment with that urbanity which marked her every action, she requested permission to introduce her young friend, Miss Downing.

(To be continued.) page 121

Remains of VOLTAIRE.

(Continued from page 615 of our last Volume.)

"Do you not tremble at the thought of letting me blood?" said once a prince to a young surgeon.—"Egad, your highness has the most reason to tremble," replied the surgeon.

The man who said he was the very humble and very obedient servant of occasion, drew a picture of human nature.

Those who flatter themselves that they know mankind, and can foresee what actions they will engage in, argue against free-will.

A man sneezes: this frightens a dog: the dog bites a jack-ass: the jack-ass overturns the crockery of a poor man; the crockery, in overturning, hurts a child.....Work for the lawyers!

(To be continued.)

MEDLEY

of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.

Cruel Revenge.—Mrs. Wells, long a dramatic favorite of the public, married, in the hour of distress—in the Fleet prison—a rich Moorish Jew, named Sumbel.—One day, in a dispute between this ill-assorted pair, the Moor angrily expressed a wish that he had his wife in *his own* country; whereupon a young lady present—a Miss Ray, daughter of a respectable clergyman in Northamptonshire—incautiously answered, "I did not know that gentlemen of your persuasion had any country."—This remark sunk deep into the Moor's heart: and, Mrs. Wells (now Mrs. Sumbel) having, some time after, quitted him on account of ill treatment, he availed himself of that event, to plan and execute a cruel revenge on Miss Ray.—Pretending that he had regularly divorced his wife according to the Jewish law, he made love to the young lady, obtained her consent; and, having made every arrangement for the expected nuptials, he invited his intended bride and her father to an elegant house in town, which he had taken for the purpose, and furnished in an expensive style. Here he for a while entertained them with every appearance of cordial friendship: but, un-expectedly introducing Mrs. Sumbel as his actual wife, and observing Miss Ray quite confused, he impetuously cried, "Good God, Madam you are not glad to see my wife!"—"Your wife, sir!" exclaimed Miss Ra with considerable emotion: "I though you had been divorced from her."—Th Moor visibly exulted in the wounde feelings of the unfortunate young lady and, the longer and more fully to enjo that fiend-like gratification, he ha breakfast served up, and invited Mi Ray and her father to partake; whe pressing her to eat, and observing her t decline it, he at length said to her, "Mi Ray! as *you have* a country to go to, I r commend your setting off for it as soon possible."—She returned to Northam tonshire, became insane, and soon aft died!—This transaction, with many a ditional particulars which we here om for want of room, is circumstantially r lated in the Memoirs of the Life of M Sumbel, written by herself.

Gout cured by Poverty.—In Surge Ring's "Treatise on the Gout," a c rious case is mentioned, of a gentlem who lived intemperately many years, a had many severe fits of the gout, wh caused a considerable number of rema ably large chalk-stones. Being redu to poverty, he turned brick-maker, for sake of earning his bread; and was s prisingly benefited by his constant e ployment. His appetite returned; b he had scarcely any thing to eat; he be came athletic; and, what is more re markable, his chalk-stones utterly va nished; and in this temperate way he lived many years.

Contagious Infection.—As many arti of dress are manufactured in the cl and putrid air of the confined ap ments of the poor, where often dan ous infection prevails, it is earnestly re commended that every article of the k which will not be injured by wett may be well soaked or rinsed in p water, before it be worn—especially th

of wool, which is particularly apt to catch and retain infection. This simple operation will, in many cases, prevent the extension of infectious disorders, as it is well known, that European residents at Tunis, Constantinople, Smyrna, Aleppo, &c. preserve themselves safe in the midst of surrounding pestilence, by taking the precaution of making every thing, which they receive from the inhabitants, to pass through pure water, before they touch it.

Turkish Justice.—In addition to the curious specimen of Turkish justice, quoted, in our last Number, from Mons. Chateaubriand's Travels, we now present our fair readers with the two following, from the same author.—1. The monks of a convent at Jaffa having washed the linen belonging to the altar, the water, impregnated with starch, as it ran away from the convent, whitened a stone. A Turk passed, and, seeing this stone, went and informed the cadi, that the fathers had been repairing their house. The cadi hastened to the spot, decided that the stone, which was black, had become white, and, without hearing what the religious had to say, obliged them to pay ten purses.—2. A girl of a certain village in the Morea, having lost her father and mother, and being mistress of a small fortune, was sent by her relations to Constantinople. At the age of eighteen, she returned to her native village. She could speak the Turkish, French, and Italian languages; and, when any foreigners passed through the village, she received them with a politeness which excited suspicions of her virtue. The principal peasants had a meeting, in which, after discussing among themselves the conduct of the orphan, they resolved to get rid of a female whom they deemed a disgrace to the village. They first raised the sum fixed by the Turkish law for the murder of a Christian woman; they then broke by night into the house of the devoted victim, whom they murdered; and a man, who was in waiting for the news of the execution, hastened to the pacha with the price of blood. What caused an extraordinary sensation among these Greeks of the village, was, not the atrocity of the deed, but the greediness of the pacha of the Morea. He, too, regarded the action as a very simple matter, and admitted that he had been paid the sum for an ordinary murder; but observed, that the beauty, the youth, the accomplishments of the orphan, gave him a just claim to a further indemnity. He therefore dispatched two janissaries the very same day, to demand an additional contribution.

Creation of Light.—On that passage of the sacred history, "Let there be light, and there was light," Dr. Bidlake has the following remarks in his "Truth and Consistency of divine Revelation."—The account, which the sacred historian gives us, that light was created antecedently to the sun, has caused no little triumph to those who are desirous of detecting improbability. "Was light," say they, "which emanates from the sun, created on the first day? and was the sun itself, the great source of it, created only on the fourth?" This implies absolute contradiction; but, if modern conjecture be well founded, (and there is every reason to confide in it) the body of the sun is not the seat of light: it is an opake, and, probably, habitable globe; and the light, which appears to flow from it, proceeds from a surrounding atmosphere; and thus the matter of light might have existed before it was called into action. To dwell further on this is needless; for, perhaps, light, like heat, may not be actually resident in the body of the sun, but, being in a latent state dispersed throughout all the system, may be set in action by some principle which emanates from the opake body, and thus rendered perceptible. Scripture is not to be confounded by conjectural philosophy. Let us then confide in that divine word, which, in the sublime representation of revelation, spoke, "*Let there be light, and there was light.*"

Instantaneous Light.—Mr. Mayer, of Pentonville, has obtained a patent for certain improvements in the machine for producing instantaneous light: but, as we have not seen either the machine itself in its improved state, or any description of it which would prove satisfactory to our fair readers, we content ourselves with observing that this, and every other contrivance for the speedy production of light, is worthy of serious attention, not only during the present alarming period of robberies and murders, but at all times and in all situations.

Russian Courage.—Sir Robert Wilson, in his Remarks on the Russian Army, gives the following impressive picture of the obedient courage which animates the bosoms of those Northern warriors. "No carnage intimidates the survivors; bullets may destroy; but the aspect of

death awes not, even when a commander's evident error has assigned the fatal station.—"Comrades, go not forward into the trenches," cried out a retiring party to an advancing detachment: "retreat with us, or you will be lost, for the enemy are already in possession." "Prince Potemkin must look to that; for it was he who gave us the order: come on, Russians," replied the commander. And he and his men marched forward, and perished, the victims of their courageous sense of duty."

Improved Brewing.—Messrs. Needham and Rawlins, Islington Green, have lately obtained a patent for a light portable brewing-apparatus, of curious yet simple construction, which promises a considerable saving of time and labor, and is represented by them as productive of stronger beer from any given quantity of malt, than can be produced by the ordinary mode.—The machine (besides a light furnace) consists of a cylindrical vessel of sheet-iron tinned, with a double cylinder of the same materials placed within, so as to form three concentric circles.—The inner circle being left vacant, the malt is put into the space between that and the next circle—these two partitions being both full of small holes. The hops are put into the space between the middle and outer circles. Cold water is next poured in, 'till the malt is covered. The fire is then lighted—the water made to boil, and kept boiling for one hour. The wort is then drawn off; and, when cooled, it is returned into the outer cylinder, which, when disencumbered of the interior double cylinder, serves as a working tun.

Remarkable Dog-Fight.—Mr. Hooker, in his Iceland Tour, relates a curious anecdote of a singular species of sham fight, maintained by a number of the Iceland dogs, which met for that purpose, as if by previous concert, at a certain hour and at a particular place of rendez-vous, for several successive days.

Negro Attachment and Sensibility.—Two African slaves, the one of the Chomba country, the other a Coromantee, were some time since purchased by T. Mackenzie, Esq. of Jamaica, and having evinced a great attachment to each other, were transferred to Air Mount estate, situated in the eastern part of the island. In the course of time, the Chomba, named Sampson, was made a driver or head man; but in September last, having displeased his master, was dismissed from his situation, and Campbell, the Coromantee, chosen to fill it, 'till Sampson should be restored to favor. In the mean time Sampson fell sick, but was not considered in immediate danger: it however turned out otherwise; his malady increased rapidly, and he was given over. The moment Campbell heard this, he told his master, that, "if Sampson died, he should die also," which proved but too true. He no sooner knew his beloved shipmate was no more, than he fell sick and died four days afterwards. What places the disinterested attachment of poor Campbell in a stronger light, is, that, besides succeeding Sampson as driver, he was to have been heir to his friend's property, amounting to about 200l.

Potatoes.—A most remarkable proof of the wonderful fecundity of this useful vegetable was shown by Mr. Hear, of Brempton, upon his farm (which is rather of a light and shattery soil) called Barnsole, in the parish of Gillingham, near Chatham, Kent, which he thinks worthy the attention of farmers and agriculturists. In his growth of potatoes, in the year 1810, he promiscuously met with one that appeared to be of an extraordinary size; he examined and weighed it, and found it to contain 101 eyes or sets, and to weigh 4lb. 10 oz. From the circumstance he was induced to plant and cultivate it by itself, to see what it would produce, which in the following season proved to be 6½ bushels (390lbs.) at 60lb. per bushel. These potatoes contained 7050 eyes or sets, which he again planted, and in the last month dug up the produce, which proved to be the wonderful quantity of 547½ bushels, weighing 26,850lb. Many of this growth are of an astonishing size, weighing from four to five pounds each, 25 of which weighed 100lb. and one in particular 5lb. 9oz.

Safe and neat Window-cleaning.—Those shocking accidents, which too frequently happen from the inhuman and indecent practice of obliging female servants to clean windows on the outside, may in future be prevented by a simple but ingenious contrivance of Mr. Marshall, of St. Martin's Lane. His plan, as far as we can understand the description given to us, consists in cutting off, from each side of the sash, a slip from top to bottom, equal in thickness, (or a little more than equal) to the depth of the groove, in which the sash moves. These slips are

again attached to the sash, at the middle of its height, by two pins or pivots—one to each slip—on which pivots, the sash may be made to swing in and out, and brought down to a horizontal or oblique position for cleaning, without ripping off the bead, which is to remain a permanent fixture. The sash is moreover furnished, on each side, with a small spring catch, somewhat resembling that of an umbrella, by which the middle part is, at pleasure, immovably fastened to the slips, so that the sash, though thus divided into three pieces, is as firm and steady, as if it consisted only of a single piece. So far for safety:—now for neatness. A correspondent, under the signature of "*Eliza*," recommends, that windows be cleaned with pure water alone, without whiting or any other addition. Her mode is this.—First, wash the glass and the wood-work with pure water, applied with a large piece of leather—common sheep-skin. When the dirt is well washed off, rinse the leather clean; wring it well, and, with it, rub the window, till dry.—This, she assures us, will give a brightness to the glass, far exceeding that produced by the usual process, besides leaving the wood-work clean and glossy.

Esquires.—In a late case which occurred in the Court of Common Pleas, it was decided that a man in trade (a brewer at Richmond), who was styled *Esquire*, should not be allowed to justify bail, because he had assumed that title, to which he had no legal right.

A Reflexion.—The highest degree of human happiness is not always the portion of the affluent, who eat and drink and sleep, when and where they please. Gratification of any kind palls the appetite, and a continued sameness of indulgence creates disgust. A chequered life is the best and safest; it makes men thankful for prosperity, when they are favored with it; and when, by too much indulgence, they are nearly lulled asleep, dangers and personal hardships rouse, and more loud than a human voice tell them, this is not their rest.

POETRY.

Bouts-rimés,

or Ends of Verses, proposed to our poetic Readers, as an amusing Exercise for their talents, in completing the lines on any subject, at their own option;—the rhimes to be arranged either in the same order as here given, or in any other that may be found more convenient—and with or without any additional rhimes, of the writer's own choice.—Any approved Completions, with which we may be favored, shall, in due time, appear in our pages.

Wing, sting; Speed, decreed; Light, flight; Save, crave; Flee, free; Fear, year; Proud, avow'd; Content, repent.

The frail Fair.

Stanzas, addressed to a Gentleman, who ridiculed, in the Author's hearing, an unfortunate Female, who solicited his assistance.

By Miss Squire.

When Virtue for compassion sues,
  Her pray'rs too oft are slighted:
To pity deaf, false man pursues,
  'Till innocence, affrighted,
In the unequal contest fails,
And flies the post, where vice assails.

Awhile her fall the fair one weeps,
  'Till, pleasure's charms inviting,
O'er bounds prescrib'd she daring leaps,
  And, ev'ry warning slighting,
Attracts, awhile, of fools the gaze,
And, in her turn, proud man betrays.

But cease, insulting man; nor dare
  Upbraid our sex, for learning
The lessons, taught us to ensnare
  The young and undiscerning.
Shall men, who seek but to destroy,
Reprove those arts, themselves employ?

Go, ask yon wretch, whose roving eye
  Needs not the tongue's expression,
To draw from feeling hearts the sigh,
  Or tell, (ah sad confession!)
That, void of virtue's pride and shame,
Guilt's blacken'd scroll records her name.

Go, boaster! ask her to disclose
  To thee her tale of sorrow;
And, while she paints of vice the woes,
  Blush not for once to borrow
From pity's stream one tender tear:—
She'll feel, and own, the tribute dear.

For, ah! perhaps, though now of shame
  The varied woes enduring,
She once was rich in peace and fame,
  'Till man's false vows, alluring,
Seduc'd her from the paths of truth,
And blighted all the hopes of youth.

Then go! her tale may mend that heart,
  Where pride, despotic reigning,
Bids candor's gen'rous train depart,
  And, pity's voice disdaining,
Prompts thee, the fallen mourner to deride,
And turn from mis'ry's plaint, with scornful glance, aside.

The old COQUETTE.

By Miss SQUIRE.

AT fifty, Celia thinks it strange,
  Her lovers should forsake her,
Calls man inconstant, fond of change,
  And vows, (but don't mistake her)

She vows she hates those odious men,
  And prizes freedom dearly.—
Poor nymph! her toilet, not my pen,
  Could prove this hatred clearly.

There too, were vanity not blind,
  She might, I ween, discover,
Were change so pleasing to mankind,
  She ne'er could want a lover:

For, when the magic work is o'er,
  So chang'd (her mirror shows it)
Her face, from what it was before,
  Its owner hardly knows it.

Completion of the BOUTS-RIMES *proposed in our Magazine for December.*

ELLEN.—*By* J. M. L.

OFT, when she hears the wintry *gale*,
  Does Ellen's aking bosom *grieve*;—
For Edward, doom'd afar to *sail*,
  Did home, and love, and Ellen *leave!*

Then, midst the horrors of the *storm*,
  Sad Ellen gazes on the *sky*:
She quits each friend, each comfort *warm*,
  And braves the tempest raging *high*;

While, as the burning tear-drops *flow*,
  She heav'n implores her love to *save*;
"For oh!" she cries with fervent *glow*,
  "His heart was true, his soul was *brave!*

"Then guide, ye pow'rs, his destin'd *course*,
  As o'er the waves he's doom'd to *sweep*:
Oh! calm the storm's impetuous *force*,
  And save my Edward from the *deep!*

Another.—The STORM.

By ANONYMUS, E . . . . . m

How inauspicious was that *gale*,
Which fill'd at once the spreading *sail*,
  And me from England drove!
Alas! I then had cause to *grieve*:
For who, without concern, can *leave*
  The object of his love?

Ere long, the clouds portend a *storm*—
No dread to me:—my soul was *warm*
  With thoughts that banish'd fear.
E'en though blue lightnings rent the *sky*,
Though now ingulf'd, now toss'd on *high*,
  My Anna still was near.

That passion, which had purest *flow*,
With double fervor 'gan to *glow*,
  And rouse my drowsy mind.
I aid the sturdy seamen *brave*:
All strive with might the ship to *save*;
  And Providence is kind.

But, scarce resum'd our wonted *course*,
Ere we were, by superior *force*,
  Subdu'd, and captives ta'en.
And now no alter'd winds can *sweep*
Our vessel o'er the briny *deep*,
  To waft us back again.

Legend of SEWEN SHIELDS CASTLE.

⁂ This legendary ballad is merely an un-embellished versification of an old tradition, still current in the vicinity of Sewen Shields Castle, which is a small tower on the Roman Wall, in Northumberland.

NOUGHT but some dæmon's baleful step
  For years had pass'd those lands,
Where (all its former grandeur fled)
  An ancient castle stands.

Where many a lord, and many a knight,
  And many a baron bold,
The meed of valour oft had won,
  Or tale of love had told.

Once, too, it held Northumbria's king
  In days of former fame:
But now no courteous tenants boasts—
  And Sewen Shields its name.

And there, too, superstition's spell
  Had cast its gloom around:
And none for years had ever been
  Within its precincts found—

Till Dixon*, young advent'rous swain,
  Who fear'd no mortal arm,
Had vow'd to search the site throughout,
  And find the hidden charm.

The morning frown'd: he made th' attempt;
  And darker still it grew:
And, when he reach'd the castle walls,
  The owls portentous flew.

No well-fed porter now was seen
  Within the court to wait:
And weeds and mould'ring stones appear'd,
  Where stood the lofty gate.

He cross'd the damp deserted halls:
  He spoke—but all in vain;

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* The name of the shepherd to whom tradition records this circumstance to have occurred.

For Echo, from the ruin's verge,
Return'd his words again.

Through many a passage long and dark
His weary steps he bent:
At length a flight of stairs he saw,
And tried the deep descent.

He felt unwholesome dewy cold,
Yet still pursued his way—
Resolv'd, 'till he had all explor'd,
No more to view the day.

At length a gleam of light he saw;
A ray of warmth he found:
And down the stairs he quickly was,
And trod on even ground;

And soon, within a chamber large,
A blazing fire perceiv'd;
And by its flames a sight he saw,
Which else he'd ne'er believ'd.

A king and queen, in regal state,
Were there by Morpheus chain'd:
And o'er the train of courtiers too
The same still slumber reign'd.

And round the fire some faithful dogs
Their fortunes seem'd to share:
And, on a table near, a sword
And horn were placed there.

As from the scabbard then, with might,
The blade to draw he tries,
As it unsheath'd, with awe he sees
The sleepers all arise.

Struck with amaze, he put it back.—
The monarch, pierc'd with woe,
E're he return'd to death-like sleep,
Thus spoke in accents slow:

"A curse, O Dixon, light on thee!
Why wast thou ever born?
Why didst thou not the sword draw out,
Or wind the bugle horn?

"On them our wish'd release depends.—
A cent'ry now must fly,
Before a mortal can again
To break th' enchantment try."

And now, oppress'd by slumbers dire,
He sank, till kinder fate
Should send some knight, who might restore
His former envied state.

For Dixon, who these wonders saw,
And hope both rais'd and crush'd,
Soon left th' apartment, as at first,
In solemn silence hush'd.

And never since, as records say,
Has mortal ventur'd there;
But all, with superstitious dread,
The sleeping king revere.

APPEAL *to* HUMANITY,

in behalf of a distressed Widow, with five Children (four of them young Girls), and a sixth coming.

From "The Widow and her orphan Family," an Elegy, by Miss STOCKDALE, *who, with a generous benevolence which does honor to her heart, has published (at Mr. Stockdale's, Piccadilly) two editions of the Elegy—the one at a shilling, the other at sixpence—of which the entire produce, without the smallest deduction for printing, advertising, &c. is devoted to the relief of the distressed widow, Mrs. Diaper, Feathers Court, High Holborn.*

COME then, ye sons of affluence! oh come!
I ask but little of your wealthy store.
Come, too, ye daughters, who boast much at home;
And give a boon, to make that little more.

Ye sons of Britain, place within your schools
These babes; and they shall learn their God to love:
There fed and cloth'd, and taught the Bible rules,
Their pray'rs for you shall reach the throne above.

And, when commence a widow'd mother's throes—
A season that in days of bliss demands
All we can do—oh! then go, sooth her woes!
The Lord himself asks pity at your hands.

With cordials go; for cordials she will need.
Mothers! to you I recommend her now,
God's mercy gives her milk, the babe to feed:
But how, *that* past, can she support it? how?

Go, view the infant on its mother's breast:
Go, see the babe that must no father know,
Be never by a father fond caress'd:
Unmov'd, view, if you can, this scene of woe.

But 'tis impossible! it cannot be!
Though hard our hearts, we're not such monsters yet:—
Ye mothers fond, come, come, I say, with me:
You've felt the same, nor can those pangs forget.

I ask not of the scanty income aught:—
Comforts from such I would not take away:
I ask, of those who are with abundance fraught,
A trifling portion of their golden clay—

From those who have enough, have e'en to spare,
From those who sleep on beds of softest down,

From those who dwell in Lux'ry's mansions fair, [to frown.
On whom misfortune ne'er was known
Such I invite—nor ask, I trust, in vain—
To raise the widow's and the orphan's head: [plain:—
No! I shall not to such, unhear'd, com-
By such shall these be cloth'd, by such be fed.

The SOURCE *of* STRIFE.
By WALTER.

ONCE on a time in sun-shine weather,
A farmer's poultry bask'd together.
A pigeon chanc'd to strike their eyes,
Whose neck display'd a thousand dies.—
"Oh!" says a cock, without design,
"That bird's blue neck is very fine."
A neighbour cock, who mark'd its hue,
But in a diff'rent point of view,
Reply'd, with no small marks of spleen,
"Blockhead! his neck's not blue, but green."
A third exclaims, "Confound you both!
His neck is red, I'll take my oath."
To give the chanticleers their due,
What each averr'd was very true—
But *none had sense* enough to see,
His neighbour spoke as true as he.
The champion in an instant rose,
From *angry words* advanc'd to blows;
Maintain'd a combat long and sore,
And fell, alas! to rise no more.—
Observe, in these, my cocks and pigeon,
The feuds of men about religion.
From one fix'd point our eye we strain,
And see her color very plain;
Then persecute and rend our brother,
Because he view'd her from another;
And, struck with fainter lights, or fuller,
Beheld her with a different color.
Here's the short moral of my song—
We all are right—we all are wrong.

The KISS.

"GIVE me one kiss, one kiss, my love,"
I murmur'd soft in Julia's ear:
"The treasure of thy lip would prove,
Than India's wealth, oh love, more dear."

"No! no!" she cried, "this must not be:
This little lip is not yet thine;
Till Hymen binds thy faith to me,
I'll give no treasure from the mine!"

But when, half-hurt to be denied,
I sigh'd as if my heart would break,
She sweetly smil'd, and blushing cried,
"I will not give—but you may take!"

The BLUSH.
By the Hon. W. R. SPENCER.

WHEN first o'er Psyche's angel breast
Love's yet untruant pinions play'd,
Of either parent's charms possess'd,
My birth their mutual flame betray'd.

No limbs my airy charms obscure,
No bone my elfin form sustains;
Yet blood I boast, as warm, as pure,
As that which throbs in Hebè's veins.

I sleep with Beauty, watch with Fear,
I rise in modest youth's defence,
And swift appear, if danger's near
The snow-drop path of innocence.

Sometimes in Themis' hall I'm seen,
But soon these sterner duties fly,
On flow'ry bank, or village green,
My parents' gentler cause to try.

Love's sun-shine, beam'd from brightest eyes,
Less cheers his vot'ry's painful duty,
Than my auspicious light,—which flies
Like meteors o'er the heav'n of beauty.

The POOR POET.
From the German of BURGER.

A BARD, more fat than bard beseem'd,
With face that like a fool moon gleam'd,
Bewail'd the luckless fate of rhimes,
And stoutly raved against the times.
"You're not in earnest, surely, friend,"
Cried one who heard him to an end—
"Your case would hardly seem so bad.
That belly many a bit has had;
And for that jolly full moon face—"
"Ah! Sir, if you but knew my case,"
Rejoin'd the bard, "this belly now
"Is not like starving, I avow;
But let me whisper in your ear,
I owe it to the landlord here,
Whose bill stands over now a *year*."

INVASION.

THE French still confide in long nights, to come over [and Dover,
The troublesome ditch betwixt Calais
Long nights they may find, and a comfort left still; [come when they will.
They are sure of *short days*, let them

TUER *le* TEMS.

AU sein des voluptés perdre tous ses momens, [sans guide
Faire des riens, courir et sans frein et
Vers ces plaisirs légers, de qui l' aile rapide [ans—
Comme l'éclair emporte nos beaux
Mes bons amis, chez bien des gens,
Cela s'appelle, hélas! tuer le tems.—
Insensés!—Le tuer est un vrai suicide.

*** *A Translation or Imitation by any of our poetic Readers will be esteemed a favor.*

London Walking and Evening
DRESSES.

Walking dress.—A pelisse of green sarsnet, trimmed with velvet of the same color, made in the manner of a round dress; buttons with tassels of silk.—Hat of white satin, trimmed with green velvet, and feather of the same color.

Evening dress of muslin ornamented with two rows of lace round the bottom, and trimmed with frills of muslin, plaited over a slip of salmon-colored velvet. Hat and feather of the same color.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

**** The Dates between crotchets [ ] mark the days on which the articles of intelligence were announced in the* "Morning Chronicle," *or some other respectable London paper—and will enable the fair Reader to verify our brief statements, or to trace further particulars.*

In our last Number, on the authority of the newspapers, we erroneously stated Valencia to have been taken by the French on the 26th of December. For a more correct statement, see February [4]

[*London, January* 23] The immense number of deserters from the French armies in Spain became so embarrassing to the Spanish Government, that they requested to send a part of them to England. Among these deserters were about 400 native Frenchmen, Bonaparté's own conscripts, who were perfectly willing, but not allowed, to enter into the British service.

[25] The batteries of Cuxhaven, and other batteries on the coast, have been entirely dismantled of their guns, with a view, it is supposed, of preventing them falling into the hands of the English, should circumstances render it necessary to march off all the troops at those stations.

[27] A flattering account is given in the French official journal of the progress made in the manufacture of beet-root sugar, and woad indigo. The former sells at 18 sous per lb. and an expectation is held out, that, by improvements in the process of manufacture, it may be reduced to 15 sous. To give it a decided preference in the market, it is announced that Bonaparté intends to continue, for several years, the heavy duties on colonial sugar.

[27] *Constantinople, Oct.* 23. The muslin-merchants here are about to establish a manufactory to imitate the German muslins. They expect to have 500 looms at work in a short time.

[27] The king of Sweden, finding his health re-established, resumed the reins of government on the 7th of January.

[28] General Hill entered Merida on the 30th December. He had hoped to surprise General Dombrowski; but his approach was discovered by a patrole. The French general retreated from Merida, leaving magazines of bread and wheat, and several unfinished works. On the 1st Feb. General Hill marched to attack Drouet's force at Almandreigo, but the enemy retreated to Zafra, abandoning 450,000 pounds of wheat, &c.

[29] *Buenos Ayres, Nov.* 5. The differences between this place and Monte Video are completely settled, the other side of the river remaining under the government of Monte Video, and this side with the upper provinces to this place. The commercial communication between the two territories to be placed upon the same footing as before the disturbance took place.

[30] *Palermo Bay, Nov.* 18.—The Archduke Francis, of Austria, has left Vienna, on a hymenæal pursuit after the eldest princess of Sardinia, his niece, whom he has the permission of the Pope to marry. He is not a brother of the emperor, but a first cousin; he is eldest brother to Maximilian and Ferdinand.

[30] *New York Dec.* 25.—The senate, on Friday, passed the bill, reported by Mr. Giles, for raising an additional military force of 25,000 and 1 man.—The votes were 26 to 4.

[31] A conspiracy had been formed in Sicily, to betray the island, and the whole British force there, into the hands of the

French. The plot was discovered, and several of the conspirators arrested.

[*February* 3] Advices from Jamaica announce that the House of Assembly has doubled the duties on all articles of grain imported from the United States of America, viz. flour, corn-meal, bread, rice, and pease.

[4] The theatre at Richmond, in Virginia, took fire in December last, while crowded with a numerous audience, and was soon burned to the ground.—Upwards of a hundred and twenty lives are supposed to have been lost.

[4] The French, under Gen. Suchet, having defeated Gen. Blake on the 26th of December, and compelled him to take refuge in Valencia, immediately invested that city, and, after three days and three nights of incessant and destructive bombardment, reduced him to surrender, on the 9th of January, with his whole army, as prisoners of war, to the amount of above sixteen thousand men.

[5] *Genoa, Jan.* 11.—According to letters from Palermo, Lord Bentinck, immediately upon his return from England, took the command of the Sicilian land and sea forces. Two proclamations, one issued by the king of Sicily, and the other by the English minister, announced this measure. No changes have hitherto taken place in respect to the civil and administrative powers. Many partisans of the queen have been arrested and executed.

[5] *Vienna, Jan.* 16.—Letters of a late date from Constantinople announce that preparations for war are carried on throughout the whole Ottoman empire with unexampled activity.

[6] Lord Wellington took Ciudad Rodrigo by storm on the 19th of January, after a siege of ten days.

[6] The Spanish Regency has been dissolved, and a new executive council of five appointed.

[6] By a decree issued at Hamburg, it is ordered that all officers and soldiers, passing through the city, shall be gratuitously lodged and fed by the inhabitants for two or three days.

[6] *Dantzic, Dec.* 17.—The French gendarmes keep a strict controul on all travellers and foreigners arriving here. No foreigner is permitted to pass the borders, unless provided with a passport signed by the French Commandant, the Police-Master, and the Prussian President.

[6] *Messina, Decemb.* 6. Several French spies and emissaries have been arrested here. Two of them confessed that they had been sent by the French general in Calabria, for the express purpose of assassinating a British officer. A third had been employed, in conjunction with other ruffians, to murder and rob the courier from Palermo, as soon as Lord W. Bentinck should arrive there, in order to seise his lordship's dispatches, and carry them to Calabria.

[10] By intelligence from Laguira, to the 3d of December, it appears that the government of the provinces of Venezuela was by no means settled. The people of St Martha had declared war against those of Carthagena; and several sanguinary battles had been fought, terminating on the whole in favor of the revolutionists. General Miranda had been prevented, by a dangerous illness, from prosecuting the war against Coro and Maracaybo, and both parties seemed indisposed to further contention.

[10] It is finally settled, that the island of Java is to be a king's settlement, and placed on the same footing as Ceylon.

[13] *Washington City, Jan.* 7.—The bill for raising an additional military force of 25,000 men, yesterday passed its third reading in the house of representatives by a majority of sixty votes. Some amendments have been made by the house, which require the concurrence of the Senate.

[14] An official report to Congress states the whole American navy to consist of fifteen vessels in commission, from six to forty-four guns—all together mounting 342 guns—and five frigates out of repair.

[17] *Vienna, Jan.* 28. Letters from Bucharest say, that a bloody war has been commenced. The Servians have been three times defeated by the Turks. It is rumored that several thousand men in the island of Isali, in the Danube, have surrendered themselves prisoners of war, being no longer able to maintain their position, in consequence of the rising of the river beyond its usual height.

[17] The German papers state, that the publication of the Altona Mercury, the Abeille du Nord, and the Political Journal of Hamburg, has been suppressed.

[17] By a decree of Bonaparte, lately published at Rome, The property composing the endowments of bishopricks of the late court of Rome is declared to be part of the effects of the domain of the

state.—The claimants to the same shall enjoy them during life, on transmitting a statement thereof, with their titles, to the Prefect.—The said parties may become incommutable proprietors, on paying one eighth of the value.—One half of the produce is assigned, as a gift, to the church of St. Peter at Rome, and the remainder to the hospitals.

[17] Intelligence from India states that letters, received at Bombay on the 28th of June, mention the arrival of the English mission at the Persian capital, where they were splendidly and hospitably entertained,—that, in June, there were 14 vessels on the stocks, of which eleven were from 500 to 900 tons; that one, of 1400 tons, was launched at Bombay in March;—and that the city of Bassen, on the coast of Pegu, has been destroyed by fire, with the loss of some thousand lives.

[18] The new republic of Venezuela has issued licences for a direct trade with Tortola, and some other of our West India colonies. The goverment have likewise issued a proclamation, permitting the return of all persons who had been banished on account of their political principles, on swearing to observe the republican institutions.

[19] *Semlin, Jan.* 1. The Grand Vizier, finding himself absolutely without forage for his cavalry, and provisions for his troops, took the resolution of making a furious sortie with his whole army, cooped up in Rudschuck, amounting to 25,000 men. With these he attacked the trenches and redoubts of the Russians, which surrounded the city on all sides; and a most terrible conflict ensued. The Turks trusted to their sabres and to the speed of their horses; while the Russians were defended by the artillery of their lines; and Pachas and Beys with the utmost courage precipitated themselves into the centre of the enemy's ranks. We are assured, that, during this short but violent struggle, estimating the loss on both sides, 10,000 perished on the field of battle. The Grand Vizier, disguised in the habit of a simple Janissary, forced his way through the Russians, with a corps of cavalry, which the latter were unable to break or pursue.

[19] The French have taken possession of the island of Rugen, and have seised upon, and numbered and registered all the vessels lying there.

[19] At Hamburg, all kinds of grain have been taken possession of on account of the French government.

[20] At the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, possession was taken in the name of Ferdinand VII; and it is said that the British government are pledged to defray all expenses necessary for repairing the fortifications.

[20] The French have evacuated all the province of Avito, taking off all the cattle and grain they could collect.

[20] The Regency of Spain have conferred on Lord Wellington the title of Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, with the rank of Grandee of Spain, of the first class.

[20] The utmost rigor is employed by the new executive authorities, to send off idle persons from Cadiz, to be embodied with the armies: and not less exertions are made to collect the contributions for the support of those armies, which heretofore have been too often evaded.

[20]—On the 14th ult. the intendency of police of Lisbon published an edict relative to the Spaniards resident in that city, requiring them to present themselves within 15 days, provided with proper documents from the Spanish legation. It is said, that, in consequence of this regulation, above 2000 Spaniards left Lisbon.

[22] *New York, Feb.* 2. The President's signature is said to have been affixed to the bill for raising an additional force of 25,000 men.

[23] An alligator was lately shot at Ghazepoore, measuring twenty feet in length, and seven in circumference. In his stomach were found several half-digested human limbs, the heads of two children, and above twenty stones—swallowed, probably, (as gravel is by fowls) to assist digestion.

[24] From recent American papers, we learn that the Indians have commenced hostilities against the United States in various quarters. A body of 400 had encamped at the mouth of Cumberland river, on the north of the Ohio, and had taken thirteen boats, killing every man on board, except two.—The Cherokees, too, are said to have repulsed the troops employed in cutting the road in the Southern part of the Mississippi territory.

[25] *Decemb.* 23. A mutiny broke out in the isle of St. Helena; but it was speedily suppressed—some of the ringleaders tried and executed—and tranquillity perfectly restored.

[25] The king of Sicily has abdicated the throne: the hereditary prince is appointed vicar general (*i. e.* regent) of the kingdom: and Lord W. Bentinck is nominated captain general of the * * *

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty does not appear to have made any progress toward recovery since the date of our last publication. If there has been any change in his condition, it seems to have been rather for the worse than the better: and, at the present date (*Feb.* 26), we cannot gratify our fair readers with any pleasing intelligence respecting him

Price of Bread.—Quartern wheaten loaf, *January* 30, sixteen pence, halfpenny—*February* 6, fifteen pence, halfpenny—*Feb.* 13, sixteen pence—*Feb.* 20, sixteen pence, farthing.

[*London, January* 23] At the Old Bailey, yesterday, the driver of the Bath mail was indicted under Lord Stanhope's act, for selling eight guineas for ten pounds in bank-notes. It appeared that a police officer, of the name of Ruthven, who was the prosecutor, had been in the country, for the purpose of detecting instances of selling guineas, and that, coming to town by the Bath mail, he prevailed upon the driver, not long before they reached London, to sell him the guineas as above. The Jury were out for four hours, and at length returned a verdict of guilty.—The court fined the prisoner 40s. intimating that this light punishment was inflicted in consequence of its being the first conviction under the act; but that future offences of the same nature would be visited more severely.

[24] Subscription for the relief of the British prisoners in France.—Amount advertised this day, above seventy-three thousand pounds.

[25] *The Irish Protestant Petition.*—Numbers of the most eminent for rank, wealth, and character, are hourly pressing forward to sign the Protestant petition to Parliament, praying the total emancipation of our Catholic countrymen. It is thought that the Protestant signatures will extend in length more than an English Mile. (*Dublin Evening Post.*)

[25] At the Leeds Sessions, the magistrates refused to license a Methodist preacher, on the ground that he was not appointed teacher to any particular congregation, but intended to act as an itinerant preacher.

[25] Yesterday morning additional troops of the Horse Guards (Blue) marched from Reading to Nottingham; and orders are issued for the dispatch of two infantry regiments, in consequence of the continuance of the riots in that neighbourhood.

[27] Bills of indictment have been found against upwards of 100 Orangemen for a riot and assault, in the county of Fermanagh, in July last, but the trials have been put off till next Sessions.

[29] Every ship of war fit for service is ordered to be got ready.

[31] *Nottingham, Jan.* 28. The spirit of insurrection, which has so long disgraced the county of Nottingham, has been rendered doubly alarming, from the secrecy with which it has been conducted, and the dispatch with which the objects it embraces have been carried into execution. In most of the villages where so many frames have been broken, parties of the military have been stationed: but their exertions, (great as they certainly have been) have been inadequate towards the apprehension of the offenders. Such is the regularity and dexterity with which their plans have been carried into effect, that it has been found impossible to detect them. They assemble, and disperse, when their object has been obtained, in a moment.—On Saturday night, the frame-breakers passed over the Trent, and broke twenty frames at Clifton (leaving but two whole in the town), and fourteen at Ruddington. On Sunday night, forty-five frames were broken at Selsan and the adjacent hamlets; and the same evening, about seven o'clock, three frames were destroyed at Basford, at the house of one William Barns, under the following daring circumstances:—As three soldiers, who had the care of the frames that night, were sitting by the fire, with their arms resting by them, they were instantaneously seised by a body of men who rushed into the house; and, while a proper guard was placed over them, two men seised their muskets, and stood sentry at the door: and when the frames were demolished, the muskets were discharged, the soldiers were liberated, and the depredators wished them a good night. On Monday evening, three other frames were broken at the same village, and 26 at Calgrave, a village six miles south of the Trent. In

all these instances the depredators escaped.

[31] At the quarter sessions held at New Malton, last week, seven persons in the Methodist connexion applied for licences to preach, which the court refused, on the ground that none of them were appointed to preach to any specific congregation.

[31] *Another* forgery has been discovered in the bank. A clerk ,who had been in the warrant-office for many years, was found to have given forged receipts for sums of money to a great amount, which had been entrusted to him to purchase in the funds, but which it appears he never did.

[31] *January* 27, Mr. Thomas Kirwan was brought to trial in the Irish court of King's Bench, for having attended a Catholic meeting for the election of Delegates. His counsel objected to the jury, because a list of jurors had passed through the hands of Sir Charles Saxton, then acting as secretary of state. The objection, however, was over-ruled, and the trial proceeded—*See Feb.* [4]

[31] An advertisement in the "Morning Chronicle" of this date invites emigrants of all nations to the South American province of Caraccas—with the promise of grants of land, and all the rights of citizenship.

[*February* 1] Thursday morning a respectable tradesman in Long Acre, in the heat of passion, threw himself out of a three-story window, and was killed on the spot. The cause of this melancholy occurrence was his having quarrelled with his wife.

[1] Yesterday, was decided at Doctors' Commons a suit of nullity of marriage, instituted by the father of William Peter Pouget, against Lucretia Tomkins, his wife, on the ground of minority, William Peter Pouget, the husband, not being 16 years of age at the time the marriage in question was solemnised.—Sir William Scott gave judgement in this case, and was clearly of opinion that there had been a fraudulent intention and studied suppression on the part of both the parties, by omitting his Christian name "Peter," in the publication of the banns, in order to conceal from his parent the fact of marriage, which he had a right to be informed of, as Peter was the only name the party constantly went and was known by among his relations and acquaintances, almost to the total exclusion of the name William, by which the proclamation in church was made; and therefore he pronounced, that the publication of the banns was fraudulent and null, and consequently that the marriage was void under the statute.

[3] On Saturday se'nnight, was exhibited for public inspection at Wisbeach, a bullock's kidney of the extraordinary weight of 6st. 3lb.—14lb. to the stone. It measured six feet one way, and four feet four inches the other.—The weight of the ox was only 48 stone.

[4] *Jan.* 30, After a four days' trial, the jury returned a verdict of "*Guilty*" against Mr. Kirwan.—*See Jan.* [31]

[4] A gentleman, who left Nottingham on Sunday, states, that the town and country adjacent was in a state of quietude; the frame-breakers having in writing assured the masters that they would desist from frame-breaking for a month, in order to give the masters an opportunity of considering their case.

[5] The fate of Mungo Park is now ascertained. A letter from Sierra Leone states, that some presents, which he entrusted to a chief to be delivered to the king of Tambuctoo, had never been delivered; and, on some remonstrance, the ruffian determined to sacrifice him. Seeing their fate to be inevitable, he and his companion embraced, and plunged into the Niger, where they perished. The canoe itself overset; and all their property, memorandums, and papers, were lost.

[7] Three infant children, the age of the oldest not exceeding three months, have been deserted and left exposed by their inhuman parents in the parish of St. George, Hanover-square, within the last fortnight. In the same parish, and within a similar period, ten men have deserted their families.

[7] The importation of foreign corn into England, in the year 1810, amounted to 2,221,951 quarters. If that immense quantity be turned into money, it will amount to more than eight millions sterling, the greater part of which was thus carried in specie out of England!

[7] Thirty-four thousand guineas in gold, the property of a gentleman deceased, were offered for sale last week, on the change of Belfast.

[8] The Dublin papers of Monday last inform us that the Attorney-General came forward that day in the court of King's Bench, and declared, that, notwithstanding the conviction of Mr. Kirwan, it was not the intention of the

Irish government to press for judgement; and that in the other cases he was instructed to enter a *Noli prosequi.*

[8] *Exeter, Feb.* 5. On Monday night, as a carriage was passing the Friars here, in the middle of the public road, the off horse suddenly sunk into the earth, and disappeared. He had fallen into a well about ninety feet deep, which, some years since, was closed with a slight arch of single brick, thinly covered with earth.—On examination, it was found that the horse had stuck about 20 feet down; and with great difficulty he was drawn up alive to the mouth of the well, when unfortunately the rope broke, and the poor creature was with great velocity dashed down to the bottom, to rise no more alive, as he was pulled up dead four hours after.

[11] *Feb.* 6, Sentence was passed on Mr. Kirwan—to be fined one mark, and discharged.—*See Feb.* [4]

[12] The "*Liverpool Advertiser*" says—It appears that nearly one sixth part of the whole inhabitants of this town, and nearly one fifth of most of the other large towns in this county, are now in a condition to require the aid of charitable relief. Had it not been for the uncommon mildness of the season, it is believed the number would have been much greater. This is a state of affairs, which we believe is without example, except at the time of severe scarcity in 1801.

[13] The grand jury threw out five bills of indictment brought by the Sabbatarian Society against butchers for selling morsels of meat to the laboring poor on the Sunday morning. By the evidence of the spy whom they hire to detect this practice, it was made clear that the poor people, who were thus provided with a Sunday dinner, worked till near midnight on the Saturday, and they were served before ten o'clock in the forenoon. It was also clear that the meat, left unsold on the Saturday, would not, in many cases, keep sweet till Monday, and that the poor are thus able to get a joint at a cheaper rate.

[14] In consequence of the long duration of open and moist weather, the rot has made its appearance very generally among the store sheep.

[14] A few days since, in digging clay on the grounds of Mr. Hobson, of Hoxton, near Hackney, a large fossile horn was discovered, which measured nine feet two inches in length. It is of a semilunar form, tapering towards one end, and hollow for the greater part of its length. Its diameter at the great end is about eight inches.

[14] On Thursday s'ennight a remar[k]able wager was decided by a young ma[n] who, for two guineas, had undertaken [to] run a wheelbarrow from Mr. Booth's, th[e] Saracen's Head public house, Whaplo[de] Wash way, to the Rose inn at Wisbeac[h] and back again to Mr. Booth's, a distan[ce] of about 32 miles, in the space of twel[ve] hours. He performed the arduous ta[sk] in 40 minutes less than the given tim[e].

[14] Two brewers were convicted la[st] week at Manchester, in the penalty [of] 200l. each, for using grains of paradi[se] in their beer; and an innkeeper was co[n]victed in 100l. being his first offence, [on] a like charge.

[15] That a want of employment, an[d] misery, are on the daily increase, th[e] following extract from the "*Liverpo[ol] Mercury,*" of the 31st of last month, a[f]fords a melancholy but undeniab[le] proof:—

Committee room, 30th of January, 181[2]

Statement of the number of the po[or] relieved—

In the week		Families.		Person[s]
ending Jan. 3d		2263	con-	8,2[..]
	10th	3156	sist-	11,2[..]
	17th	3824	ing	13,8[..]
	24th	4248	of	15,3[..]

(Signed) John Brancker, Chairman.

A shocking proof of the increase of pa[u]pers in one month, from 8288 to 15,3[..] persons, independent of those alrea[dy] supported from the parish rates!—R[e]ports of like distress are heard fro[m] other manufacturing towns in Lanc[a]shire, Yorkshire, Staffordshire, No[t]tinghamshire, as well as from Glasgo[w,] Paisley, and many other places.

[15] It is determined to proceed wi[th] the erection of the Vauxhall bridge, b[ut] to make it of iron instead of stone; whi[ch] may be done at an expense of abo[ut] 90,000l. A meeting was held on Thur[s]day last, when the body of subscribe[rs] came to this resolution.

[17] In an account ascribed to M[r.] Scully, the Roman Catholic clergy of Ir[e]land are stated to consist of 4 archb[i]shops, 25 bishops, about 1100 paris[h] priests, 800 curates, and between 2[00] and 300 regular clergy of various order[s] amounting to a total number exceedi[ng] 2000 clergymen, all incessantly emplo[y]ed in ministering to the spiritual wan[ts] of four millions of people.

[19] A man of the name of Mellin[,] who formerly kept a public house

Wigan, but who lately removed to Liverpool, being on his death-bed, last week, sent for a clergyman, and told him he could not die till he confessed a murder committed by his son (since dead) and himself, on two recruits quartered in his house, one night, about ten years ago, when his son returned from robbing a mail. Fearing they might lead to a discovery, they determined to murder them; which they did, and buried them in the garden. This confession was sent to the magistrates of Wigan, who, on Monday, caused a search to be made; and on Tuesday the remains were found near the place described.

[19] As a reward for Viscount Wellington's services, the Regent has conferred on him the title of Earl of Wellington, and recommended to parliament to make an addition of two thousand a year to his present annuity.

[20] The body of Frederic Kellner was, on Monday last, found floating on the Poplar cut, with a pistol-ball sticking in his neck. (*See our last Number, page* 46.)

[21] A lady in Devonshire-street, Portland Place, lately shot herself.

[21] A warm press took place above bridge yesterday morning; when several useful hands were picked up.

[21] The Common Council voted £1000 toward the erection of an hospital for lunatics in St. George's Fields.

[22] Proposals from Bernadotte, for peace between Sweden and this country, have been communicated to the Regent.

[23] On Monday se'nnight, a boat, with five men on board, was upset in a violent gale, off Happisburgh, in Norfolk, and the men totally disappeared. After some time, the tide drifted the boat on shore, with her bottom upwards; when a wave stove in one of her sides, through which aperture the men emerged in safety; the suddenness with which the boat was overset, having prevented her filling with water, and inclosed a quantity of air, which enabled the men to breathe, as in a diving bell, while they supported themselves by holding the seats, with their heads above water.

[24] On Friday se'nnight, about eight in the evening, Serjeant Ives, of the West Essex Militia, was stopped, between Stilton and Norman-cross, by a number of fellows, who, after having knocked him down and robbed him of his watch and money, wrenched open his jaws, and cut off a piece of his tongue!—It is said that the serjeant had lately been very active in suppressing the plat-trade, which is still clandestinely carried on at Norman-cross Barracks; and it is supposed that revenge instigated the ruffians to this atrocious act.

[24] *Nottingham, Feb.* 21. The frame-breaking is not yet at an end. Five frames were destroyed in this town this morning.

[24] On Friday, Benjamin Walsh, esq. M. P. was discharged from Newgate, in consequence of a pardon from the Regent. (*See our Magazine for January, page* 47.)

[25] At the Commission of Oyer and Terminer, in Dublin, Feb. 20, five of the chiefs in the supposed popish conspiracy (*Lady's Mag. for January*, p. 46) were brought to the bar; when a message was delivered from the Attorney general, stating that no prosecution was intended against them, and that he wished them to be discharged by proclamation.—They were so discharged.

BORN.

[*January* 28] On Sunday, of the lady of G. Holford, esq. M. P. a daughter.

[31] On Wednesday, of the lady of John Guise, esq. Upper Baker-street, a daughter.

[*February* 4] On Friday, of the lady of Isaac L. Goldsmid, esq. a son.

[4] Yesterday, of the lady of T. Northmore, esq. Orchard street, Portman-square, a son.

[8] On Monday, of the lady of Peter Free, esq. a son.

[11] On Saturday, of the Hon. Mrs. Winn, Charlotte street, Bloomsbury, a son.

[12] Yesterday, of Lady Ellenborough, a daughter.

[14] On Monday, of the lady of S. Davis, esq. Portland-place, a daughter.

[14] On Wednesday, of Lady Sarah Maria Murray, a daughter.

[15] On Thursday, of the lady of Valentine Conolly, esq. Portland-place, a daughter.

[17] On Friday, of the lady of John Smith, esq. M. P. New-street, Spring-Gardens, a daughter.

[18] *Feb.* 8 Of the lady of Gilbert Mathison, esq. Mayfair, a son.

MARRIED.

[*Jan.* 31] Yesterday, the Rev. W. G. Freeman, rector of Milton, Cambridgeshire, to Miss Swabey.

[*Feb.* 1] On Tuesday, Major Gen. Oswald, to the Hon. Miss Murray, daughter of Lady Charles Aynsley.

[1] Lately, Sir T. Chas. Morgan, M.D. to Miss Owenson, author of the "Wild Irish Girl," &c.

[3] On Tuesday, the Rev. Thos. S. Smyth, of Oriel College, Oxford, to Miss Frances Ryle.

[4] On Monday, John Lyon, esq. of Helton House, Durham, to Miss Anne Price.

[7] On Tuesday, W. Cotton, esq. of Bernard-st. Russell-sq. to Miss Lane.

[8] On Thursday, the earl of Ilchester, to Caroline, second daughter of the late Lord G. Murray.

[12] *Feb.* 4. Chas. Ibbetson, esq. brother of Sir H. Carr Ibbetson, to Miss Charlotte Elizabeth Stoughton.

[13] *Feb.* 6. B. A. Crosley, esq. of Lamb's Conduit-street, to Miss Heather.

[14] Lately, Dennis M'Carthy, esq to Anne, daughter of R. Power, esq. M. P.

[15] On Thursday, Mr. Macdonald, to lady C. Edgecumbe.

[19] Yesterday, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, to Miss Geddes Mackenzie.

[20] On Monday, H. Frederic Amedroz, esq. to Miss Emma Milbourne.

DECEASED.

[*Jan.* 24] *Jan.* 16. Mrs. Willies, of Dulwich, niece to the late Dr. Wilcocks, bishop of Rochester, aged 73.

[24] On the 21st inst. Anne, relict of the celebrated Dr. Jebb, in her 76th year.

[25] Lately, the Countess of Beverley.

[28] *Jan.* 23. Francis Rodd, esq. Trebartha Hall, in his 80th year.

[*Feb.* 3.] On Wednesday, the lady of Sir J. Yorke.

[4] On Thursday, Sir Jonathan Lovett, bart.

[6] On Thurday, Dowager Lady Whichcote.

[6] On Friday, Lady Charles Spencer.

[7] On Wednesday, W. Field, esq. Canonbury, in his 83d year.

[11] On Friday, the lady of James Martin Lloyd, esq. M.P.

[13] *Feb.* 5. Maria, relict of the late Mr. John Harris, and daughter of Mr. Field Willett, of Brandon, Suffolk.

[14] On Monday, Mrs Charles Wyatt, of Bedford Row, in her 63d year.

[14] On Wednesday, at Buckingham, Mrs. Box, relict of Philip Box, esq. in her 65th year.

[15] Lately, Vice-admiral Lumsdaine.

[15] Lately, Mrs. Price, mother of John Price, esq. of Weymouth House, Bath, aged 100.

[17] On Thursday, at Langport, Somerset, Sam. Stukey, esq. in his 73d year.

[18] *Feb.* 9. The relict of the Rev. John Honeywood, prebendary of Salisbury.

[18] On Tuesday, the lady of Thos. Tarleton, esq. of Bouldsworth Castle, Cheshire.

[19] Lately, John Smith, esq. brother to Mrs. Fitzherbert.

[20] Lately, Diana, lady of Charles Vere Dashwood, esq.

[20] On Thursday, Mrs. Jane Maria Mac Evoy, Upper Berkely-street, aged 63.

APPENDIX.

Comparative statement of the population of Great Britain in the years 1801 and 1811; ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 17th Jan. 1812.—

In 1801.	Males.	Females.	Total.
England	3,987,935	4,343,499	8,331,134
Wales -	257,178	284,308	541,546
Scotland	734,581	864,487	1,599,068
Army, Navy, &c.	470,598	- -	470,598
	5,450,292	5,492,354	10,942,646

In 1811	Males.	Females.	Total.
England	4,555,257	4,944,143	9,499,400
Wales -	289,414	317,966	607,380
Scotland	825,377	979,487	1,804,864
Army, Navy, &c.	640,500	- -	640,500
Totals	6,310,548	6,241,596	12,352,144

Increase.

England - - -	1,167,966
Wales - - -	65,834
Scotland - - - -	203,180
Army, Navy, &c, - -	169,902
Total	1,611,882

Bankrupts gazetted in the following thirty-five years.

1777, 609; *8, 692; *9, 523; 1780, 448; *1, 445; *2, 559; *3, 539; *4, 539; *5, 511; *6, 496; *7, 501; *8, 718; *9, 561; 1790, 583; *1, 612; *2, 625; *3, 1299; *4, 824; *5, 704; *6, 735; *7, 866; *8, 724; *9, 557; 1800, 730; *1, 884; *2, 947; *3, 990; *4, 884; *5, 958; *6, 994, *7, 1007; *8, 1103; *9, 1110; 1810, 1792; *11, 2044.

Total, 28,107

An account of the Amount of duties paid on Sugar in Great Britain, in the years ending 5th Jan. 1810, 1811, and 1812, respectively; omitting fractions.

Years.	1809.	1810.	1811.
	£.	£.	£.
Lady-day quarter	624,522	944,666	1,013,27
Mids. quart.	893,516	928,183	967,77
Mich.quart.	1,852,594	1,920,622	1,556,62
Xmas.quart	1,413,537	1,051,800	1,046,34
Total	4,784,170	4,844,673	4,586,01